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THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC.

The Rise of the Dutch Republic. A History.
By John Lothrop Motley. In Three
Volumes. London: John Chapman, King
William-street, Strand: Chapman and
Hall, Piccadilly. 1856.

A SERIOUS chasm in English historical literature has been very remarkably filled. The Revolt of the Netherlands, in many respects the most extraordinary of the convulsions of the sixteenth century, has been hitherto better known to us in its effects than in any narrative of its details. The name of Alva has come down shrouded with horrible associations; Count Egmont has been a hero of romance; and the Prince of Orange has been familiar to us as an illustration of the manner in which the Catholic Powers delivered themselves of their dangerous enemies. But the actual lives and exploits of these men, and those fifty desperate years of struggle, out of which a revolted province of Spain emerged the first naval power in the world, have been visible to general readers only through a mist. Watson's "Philip the Second," till now the best English authority, distributes the attention over so wide a range, that the effect is vague and inadequate. Schiller, though undertaking a special history of the revolt, has confessedly produced only a few striking fragments divided by long gaps of darkness. And, in fact, neither to Watson nor to Schiller were the sources open for consistent information which modern researches have exposed. The correspondence of Philip the Second, from the archives of Ximencas, the letters and State Papers of the Orange Nassau family, edited by Groen van Prinsterer, and the many other collections of contemporary correspondence, have placed material at the disposal of the student, which, if it increases the labor of the research, makes possible a result infinitely increased in value; and the first fruits of these publications have been two works, both of which are likely to secure themselves a perpetual place in English literature, Mr. Prescott's "Philip of Spain," and the history which on this occasion we have most especially to notice. Of Mr. Pres-

cott's book we have already spoken. Like all his writings, it is elegant, rational, cultivated, written in a kindly, genial spirit, dispassionate and tolerant. Like the work of Mr. Watson, it is however a history of Spain, and not exclusively of the Netherlands; and the scope of the writer has not permitted him to follow minutely and closely a single section of his subject. That the United Provinces required a more complete treatment than he was able to afford them, no one was more sensible than himself; and in a graceful note he has referred to the work by which his own would be soon succeeded, with a high compliment, yet a compliment, as the result must by this time have shown him, not more than deserved, to the industry and talent which it would display. Mr. Prescott will not, therefore, suspect us of disrespect to himself, if for the present we attempt no comparison between books which do not challenge rivalry, —if we leave his graceful sketches to be valued for their separate merit; and in this place dwell exclusively on the elaborate pictures of his brother artist; pictures, we are assured, which he will be generously anxious to see welcomed as they deserve.

A history, then, as complete as industry and genius can make it, now lies before us, of the first twenty years of the Revolt of the United Provinces; of the period in which those provinces finally conquered their independence and established the Republic of Holland. It has been the result of many years of silent, thoughtful, unobtrusive labor; and, unless we are strangely mistaken, unless we are ourselves altogether unfit for this office of criticizing which we have here undertaken, the book is one which will take its place among the finest histories in this or any other language. If we may not claim the writer as an Englishman, we have reason to be glad that in these dangerous times a book should have appeared by an American writer which will form a link among all who speak one common language, and which will not fail to show that America and England are not united only in blood and interest, but that the soundest thinkers there as well as here agree at heart in far higher subjects. Even

so slight a matter as a book of history will not be without its immediate value, if it serves to remind us that however aristocratic pettiness and republican fanaticism may quarrel upon the surface, in truth and reality the Americans are nearer to the English in heart, in sympathy, in their deepest and surest convictions, than to any other nation in the world.

All the essentials of a great writer Mr. Motley eminently possesses. His mind is broad, his industry unwearied. In power of dramatic description no modern historian, except perhaps Mr. Carlyle, surpasses him, and in analysis of character he is elaborate and distinct. His principles are those of honest love for all which is good and admirable in human character wherever he finds it, while he unaffectedly hates oppression and despises selfishness with all his heart. For his finer feelings, the Netherlands of the sixteenth century unfortunately offer not many subjects. One noble form towers up out of the confusion surrounded by undistinguished masses of the people who were a nation of heroes; but except the Prince of Orange, his gallant brothers, and the said "people," the individual figures who stand out pre-eminently in the struggle had better most of them never have been born. Nevertheless, while his admiration is for Orange alone, Mr. Motley uses no sweeping colors, no rhetorical invectives; there is scarcely a superlative or a needless expletive in his book. Among the crowds who fill his canvas every face is minutely drawn, each offender bears but his own burden of iniquity, and the character of every actor whom he introduces is shaded in with care as scrupulous as if he were writing not a history of real men but a drama of his own creating. And this is the true charity of history. Mr. Motley has none of that spurious charity which delights in washed-out colors, which palliates iniquity, and to avoid the sharpness of contrast tints with conjectural suspicion the great and the good. He is not afraid to describe Philip as a villain unredeemed by any trait of goodness, for such was the Philip of history. But he tells his story with fact, not with commentary, and trusts for his effects the quiet and simple truth.

In the limits which we can here permit ourselves, it will be impossible to give an idea of the results of Mr. Motley's book; neither

can we calculate on sufficient information in our readers to enable them to enter profitably into any of the detailed discussions which it provokes. The work consists of three volumes, each containing nearly six hundred pages, and the matter is only compressed within this large compass by the elaborate finish of the style. We are brought in contact minutely and closely with the most celebrated men of that most remarkable age. Directly or indirectly the history of the Netherlands was the history of Europe itself. Scarcely a figure of note or moment in any country is passed over; and by the side of these great ones who were gambling for the most part with the destinies of the world, as if poor mankind were counters with which they might toy and trifle for their little vanities and selfishnesses, rise the dim masses of a patriot people, stirring into organic life and freedom. The treatment of such matter by a master's hand is not to be described in a brief article of a review; and our business here is rather to introduce the author himself to our readers, and to persuade them by specimens of his style and matter to seek his closer acquaintance for themselves.

The book opens with a description of the Netherlands, brief but most effective. After an allusion to Caesar and Tacitus as the earliest authorities on the state of these countries, Mr. Motley continues:

"The three great rivers, the Rhine, the Meuse, and the Scheld, had deposited their slime for ages among the dunes and sandbanks heaved up by the ocean around their mouths. A delta was thus formed, habitable at last for man. It was by nature a wide morass, in which oozy islands and savage forests were interspersed among lagoons and shallows; a district lying partly below the level of the ocean at its higher tides, subject to constant overflow from the rivers, and to frequent and terrible inundations by the sea.

"The Rhine, leaving at last the regions where its storied lapse, through so many ages, has been consecrated alike by nature and art—by poetry and eventful truth—flows reluctantly through the basalt portal of the Seven Mountains into the open fields which extend to the German Sea. After entering this vast meadow, the stream divides itself into two branches, becoming thus the two-horned Rhine of Virgil, and holds in these two arms the island of Batavia.

"The Meuse, taking its rise in the Vosges, pours itself through the Ardennes wood, pierces the rocky ridges upon the south-

eastern frontier of the Low Countries, receives the Sambre in the midst of that picturesque anthracite basin where now stands the city of Namur, and then moves towards the north, through nearly the whole length of the country, till it mingles its waters with the Rhine.

"The Scheld, almost exclusively a Belgian river, after leaving its fountains in Picardy, flows through the present provinces of Flanders and Hainault. In Cæsar's time it was suffocated before reaching the sea in quicksands and thickets, which long afforded protection to the savage inhabitants against the Roman arms, and which the slow process of nature and the untiring industry of man have since converted into the Archipelago of Zealand and South Holland. Those Islands were unknown to the Romans.

"Such were the rivers which, with their numerous tributaries, coursed through the spongy land. Their frequent overflow, when forced back upon their currents by the stormy sea, rendered the country almost uninhabitable. Here, within a half-submerged territory, a race of wretched ichthyophagi dwelt upon *terpen*, or mounds, which they had raised, like beavers, above the almost fluid soil. Here, at a later day, the same race chained the tyrant ocean and his mighty streams into subserviency, forcing them to fertilize, to render commodious, to cover with a beneficent network of veins and arteries, and to bind by watery highways with the farthest ends of the world, a country disinherited by nature of its rights. A region, outcast of ocean and earth, wrested at last from both domains their richest treasures. A race, engaged for generations in stubborn conflict with the angry elements, was unconsciously educating itself for its great struggle with the still more savage despotism of man."

The workmanship of this description is admirable. It is at once brief and exhaustive, and with a few pregnant paragraphs, lays the country out before us, as in a picture. A rapid sketch follows of the various races which composed the population. They resolve themselves into the two broad divisions of German and Celtic; and the effects of the distinction, after becoming for thirteen centuries invisible, are shown to re-appear singularly at the Reformation, and to determine the contrasted fortunes of the Southern and the Northern Provinces. When the narrative opens, Catholic Belgium and Protestant Holland are one country, governed by the same laws, united under the same institutions, zealous for the same freedom. The Reforma-

tion rises, and the separate races follow instinctively their separate tendencies. As the struggle for freedom deepens, the contrast of races becomes more and more sharply defined. At length the spirit of liberty once distributed over the whole of Flanders, becomes concentrated in its proper home. The Batavians become a commonwealth of Protestants; Belgium clings to Romanism, and settles into slavery.

Mr. Motley, however, in originally describing these divisions, contents himself with indicating the later consequences of them. He does not anticipate his story, but leaves it to unroll itself. After mentioning the distribution of the tribes, he sketches the revolt of Claudius Civilis against Rome, and follows Schiller in a parallel between Civilis himself and the Prince of Orange. The resemblance is rather fanciful than real. He does not dwell upon it and proceeds with a swift summary of the fourteen centuries which followed. He traces the successive eras of barbarism, feudalism, and finally of commerce and municipal liberty; the people emerging gradually out of darkness to wealth and civilization, as their country emerged from under the ocean, and forest and morass were exchanged for smiling fields and thriving cities. Here, too, perhaps, the analogy is something imaginary. We are a little surprised to find so able a writer accepting the popular contempt of the Middle Ages, and dismissing so many ages of human history with so peremptory a depreciation. Something more is to be said for feudal society and something more for the religion, which during all those ages was so passionately believed. And the fault throughout Mr. Motley's book is the want, absolute and entire, of all sympathy with Catholicism, in its vigor as well as in its degeneracy. It is to him a thing of mere falsehood and sensuous superstition, and the secret of its higher influences is closed to him. Nevertheless, his sketches, as from the modern popular point of view, are singularly able; and they bring us down, with the scene continually expanding, to the time when the actors in the great drama of the Revolution begin to appear upon the stage.

They are introduced in a brilliant group, as the leading nobles of Spain and of the Netherlands were collected in the great hall of the Palace at Brussels, to witness the abdication of the Emperor Charles V. Charles

himself, Philip, the Regent Margaret, the Duke of Alva, and some others, are reserved for a separate description; the assemblage on the platform are thus graphically laid out upon the board:

"Many individuals of existing or future historic celebrity in the Netherlands, whose names are so familiar to the students of the epoch, seemed to have been grouped as if by premeditated design upon this imposing platform, where the curtain was to fall forever upon the mightiest emperor since Charlemagne; and where the opening scene of the long and tremendous tragedy of Philip's reign was to be simultaneously enacted. There was the Bishop of Arras, soon to be known throughout Christendom by his more celebrated title of Cardinal Granvelle, the serene and smiling priest whose subtle influence over the destinies of so many individuals then present and over the fortunes of the whole land was to be so extensive and so deadly. There was that flower of Flemish chivalry, the lineal descendant of ancient Frisian kings, already distinguished for his bravery in many fields, but not yet having won those two remarkable victories which were soon to make the name of Egmont like the sound of a trumpet throughout the whole country. Tall, magnificent in costume, with dark flowing hair, soft brown eye, smooth cheek, a slight moustache, and features of almost feminine delicacy, such was the gallant and ill-fated Lamoral Egmont. The Count of Horn, too, with bold sullen face and fan-shaped beard, a brave, honest, discontented, quarrelsome, unpopular man. Those other twins in doom, the Marquis Berghen and the Lord of Montigny. The Baron Berlaymont, brave, intensely loyal, insatiably greedy for office and wages, but who at least never served but one party. The Duke of Aerschot, who was to serve all, essay to rule all, and to betray all, a splendid signor, magnificent in cramoisy velvet, who traced his pedigree from Adam, according to the family monumental inscription at Louvain, but who was better known as grand nephew of the Emperor's famous tutor, Chievres. The bold debauched Brederode, with handsome reckless face and turbulent demeanor. The infamous Noircarmes, whose name was to be covered with eternal execration for aping towards his own compatriots and kindred as much of Alva's atrocities and avarice as he was permitted to exercise. The distinguished soldiers, Meghen and Aremberg — these with many others, whose deeds of arms were to become celebrated throughout Europe, were all conspicuous in the brilliant crowd. There, too, was that learned Frisian, President Viglius, crafty, plausible, adroit, elo-

quent — a small brisk man with long yellow hair, glittering green eyes, round turned rosy cheeks and flowing beard. Foremost among the Spanish grandees, and close to Philip, stood the famous favorite, Ruy Gomez, or as he was familiarly called, 'Ruy Gomez' (King and Gomez), a man of meridional aspect, with coal black hair and beard, gleaming eyes, a face pallid with intense application, and slender but handsome figure; while in immediate attendance upon the Emperor, was the immortal Prince of Orange.

"Such were a few only of the most prominent in that gay throng, whose fortunes in part it will be our humble duty to narrate. — How many of them passing through all this glitter to a dark and mysterious doom! some to perish on public scaffolds; some by midnight assassination; others, more fortunate, to fall on the battle-field — nearly all sooner or later to be laid in bloody graves."

The pageant over, and the helm of the ship committed to the new pilot, the curtain rises, and the struggle begins. Philip II., as he ever avowed, had but one fixed principle in life, the destruction of the enemies of the Holy Catholic faith. False, malignant, licentious, a man who from his boyhood to his grave maintained unbroken acquaintance with all forms of human villany, Philip lived in the conviction that by massacring heretics he could earn a perpetually renewed forgiveness for his crimes; that a zeal for orthodox unwavering, unflinching, pursued through torrents of blood, would be accepted graciously in lieu of every other Christian virtue.

At his first accession he was embarrassed with mere earthly politics. He was entangled with wars in Italy and France, and Count Egmont and his Flemish subjects had first to win for him two magnificent victories before he could find leisure for his more serious labors. At length, at the close of 1558, the peace of Cambray set him free, and his mission commenced. His first object was a simultaneous slaughter of Protestants throughout Europe, to be conducted by all the Catholic Powers. Mary of England would have made no difficulty; the Lorraine faction at Paris entered cordially into the scheme, and Mary of Guise in Scotland was to be admitted into the partnership of crime. The outline of this grand conception was communicated strangely by Henry II. to the Prince of Orange when in France as hostage for the fulfilment of the treaty of Cambray, under the

impression that the Prince, as a good Catholic, would loyally sympathize in the scheme. The accidents which occasionally mutilate the best laid enterprises, interfered to mar the execution of this. Mary Tudor died, and the English throne fell to a heretic princess. The Huguenot nobles tied the hands of the Guises; and the Valois princes were able only to achieve an imperfect Massacre of Saint Bartholomew. Philip only resolutely, consistently, and steadily followed out his design and directed upon this one aim the full weight of the enormous power which he had inherited. In Spain he succeeded. Ten thousand heretics fell at the stake or on the scaffold; and the feeble light of the Reformation expired in the Peninsula forever. His other effort to do the same thing in the Netherlands did not succeed; it was defeated by a resistance, which, however we consider it, whether with respect to the cause that was fought for, to the unequal resources of the combatants, to the duration of the conflict, or to the spirit in which the long battle with tyranny was fought out, must be considered as the grandest achievement in the whole history of mankind. There is nothing like it in antiquity, — nothing in the conquest of their freedom by any of the greater nations of the modern world. The scanty population of two small provinces, no larger than two English counties (for on them at last the weight of the revolution fell), wrestled with the full power of Spain backed by the wealth of half the world and overcame it.

Protestantism found early a welcome in the Netherlands. The landed nobles there as elsewhere remained attached to the old faith: but the spirit of commerce in the body of the people, the enterprise which scattered them over the world, their long intercourse with England, and the political liberty which they had conquered for themselves, — pointed out these provinces as the natural home of emancipated thought. In the early years of the Reformation religious exiles from France and England found a refuge under the free institutions of their cities. The Antwerp printing-presses supplied the Reformers in London with translations of the Bible; and Charles V., in the commencement of his reign, had been embarrassed too seriously with the Turks, with Germany, and with France, to venture measures of violent repression. Ultimately, as he conquered his political difficulties, he was

able to make amends for lost time. The great families to whose keeping the liberties of the country were entrusted did not care to embarrass themselves with the defence of heresy, which was as hateful to them as to the Emperor; and Charles could boast at his abdication of having destroyed, in the Low Countries alone, a number stated variously at from fifty to a hundred thousand of these wretched "enemies of mankind."

Yet, in spite of so considerable exertions, the contagion had continued to spread. The Northern provinces and the great towns swarmed with offenders; and the Catholic Philip, the defender of the faith, the champion of the Holy See, found his inheritance, when he took possession of it, in full progress towards apostasy.

His first effort, as we said, was for a general crusade of all the Catholic Powers. Meanwhile, he could commence the good work within his own dominions; and as a first preliminary establish the Inquisition and the torture-chamber. There was a difficulty, because, while King of Spain, Philip was but Count or Duke in his provinces upon the Rhine, and his subjects there were under the protection of their own laws, by which at his coronation he was sworn to govern. He served a master, however, who happily had the power of dispensing with inconvenient oaths; and when the alternative lay before him of perjury and an undue toleration of Protestantism, it was his duty both to God and man to choose the lightest offence. Measures of moderate repression would have been possible without violating the constitution of the States; but an immoderate evil might not be moderately dealt with.

Accordingly, retiring himself to Spain, he left his sister, Margaret of Parma, with directions to set on foot the method found so efficacious in Spain, and with the assistance of Cardinal Granvelle to purge the Netherlands clean. There were two forms of the Inquisition, the Episcopal and the Spanish. The Episcopal offered the lightest outrage to existing forms, and this was therefore selected with an affectation of outward lenity. The true explanation of the choice was given, however, by Philip himself. He could abundantly trust the zeal of his bishops. The Inquisition of the Netherlands, as the King acknowledged, was more pitiless than that of Spain. In fact, says Mr. Motley:

"The main difference between the two institutions consisted in the greater efficiency of the Spanish in discovering such of its victims as were disposed to deny their faith. Devised originally for more timorous and less conscientious infidels, who were often disposed to skulk in obscure places, and to renounce without really abandoning their errors, it was provided with a set of venomous familiars, who glided through every chamber and coiled themselves at every fireside. The secret details of each household in the realm being therefore known to the Holy Office and the monarch, no infidel or heretic could escape discovery. This invisible machinery was less requisite for the Netherlands. There was comparatively little difficulty in ferreting out the 'vermin,' to use the expression of a Walloon historian of that age; so that it was only necessary to maintain in good working order the apparatus for destroying the noxious creatures when unearthed. This inquisitional system of Spain was hardly necessary for men who had but little prudence in concealing, and no inclination to disavow their creed. That the civil authorities were not as entirely superseded by the Netherland as by the Spanish system, was rather a difference of form than of fact. The secular officers of justice were at the command of the inquisitors. Sheriff, gaolers, judge, and hangman, were all required under the most terrible penalties to do their bidding."

The institution was therefore sufficient for its work. The provinces would be left a desert before there would be any sign of failure in the machinery of the institution. The one difficulty was that which was common to all contrivances of State craft—it could only be worked by beings who wore at least the human form; and, however great might be the energy of the bishops, the Catholic laity among the Netherlands had neither themselves wholly lost their human hearts, nor were disposed to allow the administration of the Government to lapse into the hands of foreigners and ecclesiastics. The Prince of Orange at that time still professed the faith in which he had been bred; but as soon as he became possessed of the fatal secret which Henry of France had communicated to him, he determined, if possible, to save his country; and by birth, wealth, and influence, the first of the Netherland aristocracy, he set in force the full resources which the constitution allowed to thwart the Government and stay the persecution. From 1559 to 1567—the eight years of the emergency of

Margaret of Parma—the constitutional conflict continued. The Government attempted to enforce the laws against heresy; Orange, with the support of the body of the nobility, continued to thwart and oppose them. Multitudes were executed; but the numbers grew too fast for executioners who were hampered by forms; and Philip, with crippled finances, was unable to attempt the last extremity of force. He exhausted the resources of weakness, he fawned and flattered, he promised profusely; like Judas he breathed his poison in a kiss; and though he yielded nothing, he deceived Egmont, he deceived Montigny, he deceived all but Orange. Orange only knew him; Orange only saw the malignity of his purpose, the settled venom of his fanaticism. Orange knew that the king would forget nothing, forgive nothing, surrender nothing; and his ever-watchful eyes penetrated the inmost secrets of the Spanish Cabinet, with a subtlety deeper than Philip's own.

"Already (in the last year of Margaret's regency), the prince had organized that system of espionage upon Philip by which the champion of his country was so long able to circumvent its despot. The king left letters carefully locked in his desk at night, and unseen hands had forwarded copies of them to William of Orange before the morning. He left memoranda in his pockets on retiring to bed, and exact transcripts of those papers found their way, ere he rose, to the same watchman in the Netherlands."

Mr. Motley, perhaps needlessly, thinks it necessary to apologize for these subtle doings.

"No doubt (he says) that an inclination for political intrigue was a prominent characteristic of the prince, and a blemish upon the purity of his moral nature. Yet the dissimulating policy of his age he had mastered, only that he might accomplish the noblest purposes to which a great and good man can devote his life—the protection of the liberty and the religion of a whole people against foreign tyranny. His intrigues served his country, not a narrow, personal ambition; and it was only by such arts that he became Philip's master, instead of falling at once, like so many great personages, a blind and infatuated victim. No doubt his purveyors of secret information were often destined to atone fearfully for their contraband commerce; but they who trade in treason must expect to pay the penalty of their traffic."

Guided by these hidden clues in the under-

standing of the dark purposes of the king, yet himself ever meeting those purposes by the open weapons of the constitution, the prince played steadily his baffling game, till Granvelle was driven away in despair, and Margaret of Parma was reduced to helplessness; and the king had to choose between toleration of heresy, or falling back upon the sword. Unhappily, the latter course was no longer difficult to him. The spread of the Reformation had alarmed the Walloon nobles; their patriotism had first wavered, then ebbed away; and even Egmont himself, who had for many years adhered faithfully to Orange, had allowed himself to be made an instrument of persecution. United, the nobility might have dictated to Philip the terms on which a titular sovereignty should be left to him: but the element of religion acted as a fatal dissolvent. The horror lest they should be suspected of heresy was a phantom which terrified them each from his duty; and they stood still in passive obedience, while the Duke of Alva, with a Spanish army, took the place of Margaret.

On the 10th of May, 1567, that army sailed from Carthage; ten thousand veterans, the picked troops of the world, under command of the greatest general. Both army and commander appear to have existed for the purpose of showing that military excellence of the highest kind is compatible with the absence of every other human virtue. The discipline of the soldiers extended even to their vices: two thousand prostitutes, formally enrolled and organized, attended their march. They were, perhaps, the most perfect instruments of unscrupulous wickedness that have been ever seen. The general was worthy of his men. In person, Alva "was tall, thin, erect, with a small head, a long visage, lean yellow cheek, dark twinkling eyes, a dusk complexion, black bristling hair, and a long sable-silvered beard descending in two waving streams upon his breast." His moral characteristics are thus generously described:

"Philip," Mr. Motley says, "was fanatically impressed with his mission; his vicerey was possessed by his loyalty as by a demon. In this way alone, that conduct which can never be palliated may at least be comprehended. It was Philip's enthusiasm to embody the wrath of God against heretics. It was Alva's enthusiasm to embody the wrath

of Philip. Narrow-minded, isolated, seeing only that section of the world which was visible through the loophole of the fortress in which nature had imprisoned him for life; placing his glory in unconditional obedience to his superior, questioning nothing, doubting nothing, fearing nothing, the viceroy accomplished his work of hell with the tranquillity of an angel. An iron will, which clove through every obstacle; adamant fortitude, which sustained without flinching a mountain of responsibility, were qualities which, united to his fanatical obedience, made him a man for Philip's work, such as could not have been found again."

There was no ambiguity in the instructions which Alva brought with him. Philip would rather reign over a desert than over Paradise if peopled with heretics; and to a desert, if necessary, the Duke of Alva was commissioned to reduce the Netherlands. Orthodoxy was to be no security. To have resisted the persecution — to have obstructed in the smallest degree the pious work of destruction to which the King had devoted his life — was crime sufficient. Egmont dreamed that he had earned his forgiveness by his unhappy zealotry of the last year; but he had to do with a sovereign who never signed a pardon. His doom was sealed before Alva left the presence of his master. All the inhabitants of the provinces, high and low, with a few specially named exceptions, were declared by the Holy Office to have incurred penalty of death; and Alva was come with the fixed intention of carrying out this sentence, till the heart and life of the country lay dead at his feet, and every vestige of resistance was extinguished. No imagination could have divined so infernal a depth of malignity. Orange knew it, and withdrew in time: but it was in vain that he warned Egmont. Philip flattered, and Egmont believed him; we all know with what results. With Egmont fell Count Horn, and all the crowd of minor patriots. The heads of the leaders struck off, the nation, bewildered and helpless, sank passively under its doom. We have shuddered at September massacres, at Fouquier-Tinville's death-tribunal, at the fusillades at Lyons, and the *noyades* of the Loire. The democratic fanaticism of Robespierre was tame beside the orthodox fury of Alva; and the Jacobin club, "the mighty mother" of the Revolution, was but a driveller in cruelty, compared to the conclave of which the Iron

Duke was the instrument. The ordinary tribunals were set aside. The functions of justice were superseded by the Blood Council, which, with its affiliated societies, ruled over the Netherlands. Here is a description of one of its councillors, Juan de Vargas, drawn by a master-hand :

"Two Spaniards, Del Rio and De Vargas, were the only members of the council who could vote. Del Rio was a man without character or talent—a mere tool in the hands of his superiors; but Juan de Vargas was a terrible reality. . . . To shed human blood was, in his opinion, the only important business and the only exhilarating pastime of life. His youth had been stained with other crimes. He had been obliged to retire from Spain because of his violation of an orphan child to whom he was guardian; but in his manhood he found no pleasure but in murder. He executed Alva's bloody work with an industry which was almost superhuman, and with a merriment which would have shamed a demon. His execrable jests ring through the blood and smoke and death-cries of those days of perpetual sacrifice. He was proud to be the double of the iron-hearted duke, and acted so uniformly in accordance with his views, that the right of revision remained but nominal. There could be no possibility of collision, when the subaltern was only anxious to surpass an incomparable superior. The figure of Vargas rises upon us through the mist of three centuries with terrible distinctness. Even his barbarous grammar has not been forgotten, and his crimes against syntax and against humanity have acquired the same immortality. '*Heretici fraxerunt templa, boni nihili faxerunt contraergo debent omnes patibulari*,' was the comprehensive but barbarous formula of the man who murdered the Latin language as ruthlessly as he slaughtered his contemporaries."

The work of murder thus commenced under these accursed auspices; and at the end of a few months, the condition to which Alva and his council had reduced the provinces, is thus summed up. Let no one suspect Mr. Motley of exaggeration. His work is the result of patient labor among writers of all sides and all opinions, and his most terrible relations are too faithfully copied from the language of immediate witnesses.

"The whole country became a charnel-house; the death-bell tolled hourly in every village; not a family but was called to mourn for its dearest relatives, while the survivors stalked listlessly about the ghosts of their

former homes. The spirit of the nation was hopelessly broken. The blood of its best and bravest had already stained the scaffold; the men to whom it had been accustomed to look for guidance and protection were dead, in prison, or in exile. Submission had ceased to be of any avail, flight was impossible, and the spirit of vengeance had alighted at every fireside. The mourners went daily about the streets, for there was hardly a house which had not been made desolate. The scaffold, the gallows, the funeral piles which had been sufficient in ordinary times, furnished now an entirely inadequate machinery for the executions. Columns and stakes in every street, the door-posts of private houses, the fences in the fields were laden with human carcasses, strangled, burned, beheaded. The orchards in the country bore on many a tree the hideous fruit of human bodies."

This general summary is illustrated in some hundreds of pages of hideous and too authentic detail. Wretched cities which dared to close their gates against the executors of the decrees of the council suffered worse horrors than the most delirious cruelty in open war has ever dared to inflict. Entire populations by the direct command of Philip and his General were massacred with the hideous accompanying atrocities of rape and pillage. Every crime which the madness of mankind can execute, was sanctified by the blessing of the Church, and was perpetrated under the eyes of princes and prelates in the cause of the Father of mankind. We cannot regret that a man has been found who has dared to lift the curtain over these scenes, and show them to us as they were. In the "Catholic reaction" of these late times, a bastard sentimentalism has stolen over us; we have talked mincingly of the intolerance of the Protestants in their ultimate victory, caring little to know what that thing was which they refused to tolerate. We have dreamed of Catholicism not as the destroying fiend which the nations of Europe experienced it to be in the last years of its power, but as it plays on the imagination in its associations—in its theory—in the spirit which haunts the aisles of the cathedrals, and the broken arches of monastic ruins. It is well that we should see it once more face to face as it was. It is well, too, when revolution is a thing of horror to so many of us; when the higher classes in so many countries look on with acquiescence, while in the name of order the liberties of centuries are trampled down,

through some dim fear of what the people might do if they gained power,—it is well at such a time that the world should be reminded what despots also have sometimes done.

"It is not without reluctance," writes Mr. Motley, in a passage which might be written in letters of gold, when relating, out of Alva's correspondence, the massacre at Naarden,—"it is not without reluctance, but still with a stern determination, that the historian should faithfully record these transactions. To extenuate would be base; to exaggerate impossible. It is good that the world should not forget how much wrong has been endured by a single nation at the hands of despotism, and in the sacred name of God. There have been tongues and pens enough to narrate the excesses of the people bursting from time to time out of slavery into madness; it is good too that those crimes should be remembered and freshly pondered; but it is equally wholesome to study the opposite picture. Tyranny, ever young and ever old—constantly reproducing herself with the same stony features—with the same imposing mask which she has worn through all the ages, can never be too minutely examined, especially when she paints her own portraits, and when the secret history of her guilt is furnished by the confessions of her lovers. The perusal of her traits will not make us love popular liberty the less."

How the Prince of Orange, with his brothers, labored meanwhile to rescue his bleeding country; how he flung into the cause his fortune, his credit, his life, raising from his own resources armies of German mercenaries, after a short gleam of success to be disastrously defeated; how, as the atrocities of the Inquisition showed ever in darker colors, his mind was slowly weaned from the creed in the name of which those atrocities were perpetrated; and how, in the midst of his disasters, the mere human wisdom and human generosity of heart with which he had commenced his career became absorbed into a high, passionate faith, and in belief and conviction he became one with the poor sufferers for whom he struggled; how, at length, in the darkest hour, when all seemed hopeless, a gang of outlaws, patriot exiles turned pirates, seized in a sudden freak on the town of Brill, and by a common impulse the two provinces of Holland and Zealand broke into revolution, drove out the Spanish garrisons, and made a home for freedom which, though

shaken desperately, was never again broken down;—all this must be read in the brilliant and deeply sympathizing pages of Mr. Motley, to whom the chivalry of these poor people, and the after-career of the Prince who made haste to throw himself at their head, appears, he says, as "a great Christian epic," the finest of which the history of Europe has to boast.

Desperately Alva struggled to crush those poor Calvinist "beggars," for so they called themselves. But the beggars, even the women and the children among them, were lifted by the passions of the time into preternatural defiance. The Spanish army could crush them inch by inch; but at a cost of blood and treasure which made victory scarcely less disastrous than defeat. Philip could destroy, but he could not overcome. Harlem alone, the first weak town which the Spaniards attacked, though it fell at last, cost the Duke seven months of labor and twelve thousand of his choicest troops. And the finances of Spain, being thrown into confusion by the ruin of the Netherlands, were unequal to support the struggle with a few hundred thousand peasants and petty burghers. Alva was baffled, and at last withdrew. His place was filled by a milder viceroy. Requesens, it was thought, might perhaps conciliate when Alva had failed to crush. Requesens, however, fared no better. The army was invincible in the field; but the treasury was barren of the means to pay the soldiers: they broke into open mutiny, wandered hither and thither at their will, seized cities as an indemnity for their wages, sacked, ravished, burnt, and pillaged. In the midst of these confusions, Requesens died. The Netherlands was without a governor; and in the interval "the Spanish fury" at Antwerp, a carnage more horrible than even the massacre of St. Bartholomew, broke the spell of submission. In all Belgium the people rose at once out of their torpor; and the day of freedom promised soon to dawn. If the two provinces of Holland and Zealand alone were able to defy Alva so long, the seventeen, united in heart and soul, had but to claim their independence to secure it. This great union, unfortunately, was not to be. The difference in race forbade it, and still more the difference in creed. The Protestants of Belgium were in exile, or in their graves. The remaining population were

moderately orthodox; and their faith soon paralyzed them.

But a vast step was gained—five other provinces adhered to the Prince in the Union of Utrecht. Don John of Austria was sent from Spain in the blaze of his glory to end the struggle; and as force had signally failed, to finish it by concession. The Prince of Orange for himself might have all which he desired—toleration, and pardon, and wealth. The provinces might have all except the one thing for which they were contending—religious liberty. It was in vain. The Prince cared only for his duty to the people who had trusted him. Don John must yield all, or again try the sword. He did try the sword, but with no better issue. He could win battles; but he could not conquer men who were utterly fearless of all evil which he had power to inflict upon them. He too sank before the impracticable task, and died broken-hearted.

Alexander of Parma, Margaret's son, followed Don John,—a far abler man, who alone in any way was able to cope with Orange. He did something. Among other things, he found, at last, an efficient person who undertook the Prince's murder, and who too faithfully accomplished the work. It was not wholly too late, for Parma saved Belgium, which, if Orange had lived, would have followed, perhaps, at last in the track of the Union of Utrecht. The hope of Spain rested, as he knew, on the destruction of that one life; and both he and Philip were ready with no niggard payment for so great a service. Countless wealth and the highest order of Spanish nobility were promised to the successful assassin, to be enjoyed by himself in his own person, if he came off with life, to be given to his heirs if his life fell a sacrifice.

The golden bait succeeded. Many attempts were made. At length, under the inspiration of the Jesuits, a miserable fanatic did the work; and the Prince of Orange fell as the Regent Murray had a few years before him fallen in the streets of Linlithgow, as two kings of France fell, and as Elizabeth was to follow also, if the Roman ecclesiastics could have their way. But though not wholly useless, the Prince's death could not undo the work which he had accomplished: and those little wasted provinces which he had rescued from the destroyer were saved for freedom and for the world.

We must extract some portion of Mr. Motley's sketch of the Prince's character. For the justification of his estimate of it, our readers must themselves seek in Mr. Motley's own pages.

“Of the soldier's great virtues—constancy in disaster, devotion to duty, hopefulness in defeat—no man ever possessed a larger share. He arrived through a series of reverses at a perfect victory. He planted a free commonwealth under the very battery of the Inquisition, in defiance of the most powerful empire existing. He was, therefore, a conqueror in the loftiest sense, for he conquered liberty and a rational existence for a whole people. The contest was long, and he fell in the struggle; but the victory was to the dead hero, not to the living monarch. . . . The supremacy of his political genius was entirely beyond question. He was the first statesman of his age. The quickness of his perception was only equalled by the caution which enabled him to mature the results of his observations. His knowledge of human nature was profound. . . . It is instructive to observe the wiles of the Machiavellian school employed by a master of the craft, to frustrate, not to advance, a knavish purpose. This character, in a great measure, marked his whole policy. He was profoundly skilled in the subtleties of Italian statesmanship, which he had learned as a youth at the Imperial court, and which he employed in his manhood in the service, not of tyranny, but of liberty. He fought the Inquisition with its own weapons. He dealt with Philip on his own ground. He excavated the earth beneath the King's feet by a more subtle process than that practised by the most fraudulent monarch who ever governed the Spanish empire: and Philip, chainmailed as he was in complicated wiles, was pierced to the quick by a keener policy than his own. Ten years long the King placed daily his most secret letters in hands which regularly transmitted copies of the correspondence to the Prince of Orange. . . . Casuists must determine how much guilt attaches to the Prince for his share in this transaction. Judged by a severe moral standard, it cannot be called virtuous or honorable to suborn treachery, even to accomplish a lofty purpose. Yet the universal practice of mankind in all ages has tolerated the artifices of war, and no people has ever engaged in a holier or more mortal contest than did the Netherlands in their great struggle with Spain.

“It is difficult to find any other characteristic deserving of grave censure; but his enemies have adopted a simpler process. They have been able to find few flaws in his

nature, and therefore have denounced it in gross.

"It is not that his character was here and there defective, but that the eternal jewel was false. The patriotism was counterfeit. He was governed only by ambition — by a desire of personal advancement. They never attempted to deny his talents, his industry, his vast sacrifices of wealth and station; but they ridiculed the idea that he could have been inspired by any but unworthy motives. God alone knows the heart of man. But, as far as can be judged by a careful observation of undisputed facts, and by a diligent collation of public and private documents, it would seem that no man, not even Washington, had ever been inspired by a purer patriotism. . . . He went through life bearing the load of a people's sorrow with a smiling face. 'God pity this poor people,' were the last words upon his lips, save the simple affirmative with which the soldier who had been battling for the right all his lifetime commended his soul in dying to his great captain, Christ. The people were grateful and affectionate, for they trusted the character of their 'Father William.' Not all the clouds which calumny could collect ever dimmed to their eyes the radiance of that lofty mind to which they were accustomed, in their darkest calamities, to look for light. He was the guiding star of a whole brave nation during his life, and when he died the little children cried in the streets."

In these critical days, when faith in heroism is growing faint, and the aim of historians is to drag the great men of past times from their pinnacles, and dwarf them into commonplace mediocrity, it is pleasant to meet with language so warm, so genial, so admiring. The same spirit pervades the whole book. There is no desire to gloss over ascertained blemishes, no attempt to hide good men's faults any more than to invent supposititious virtues for the bad. Mr. Motley, in his determination to be just, concedes too much to the horror felt by some good persons for "Machiavellism." Perhaps it is not permitted to a man to stoop to intrigue in defence of his own private interests. But those to whom the safety of nations is intrusted in a contest with cruel and treacherous enemies, must meet the destroyers with their own weapons; and Orange was no more bound to keep open terms with the satellites of the Inquisition, than with serpents or savage beasts. But wherever Mr. Motley finds a generous, true-hearted man, he treats him generously; where he finds a great man, he

treats him with the reverence and admiration which is his due; and he distributes his moral judgment (strange that it should be so rare a virtue in historians) by the same rules and with the same good sense with which reasonable men learn to judge each other in actual life.

Only in one direction do we see reason to think that he has erred in his estimate. Acquainted chiefly with the continental writers and continental state papers, or at least having been long deeply and exclusively occupied with them, he has judged the policy of England to the Netherlands as it appeared to the Netherlanders themselves; and in representing that policy to have been entirely selfish, he has scarcely measured fairly either what Elizabeth actually did, or her difficulty in venturing to do more. William of Orange looked for help wherever help might be found; to Germany, to France, to England. And Mr. Motley thinks that the hesitation which he met with from Elizabeth was unworthy alike of herself and of her people. Yet Elizabeth's first duty assuredly was to her own country; and during the whole period which Mr. Motley's history covers, England was at any moment exposed to a reaction into Catholicism, and to a struggle as tremendous as that with which William himself was contending. The English Romanists, till the last quarter of the sixteenth century, certainly outnumbered the Protestants. They were prevented from moving partly by the energy of the government, but much more by a spirit of loyalty to their legitimate sovereign; a feeling so sacred with the vast majority of Englishmen, as to overweigh the counter-obligations of their creed. This it was which made Elizabeth so deeply unwilling to countenance any form of rebellion elsewhere, or anything which could bear the appearance of rebellion. To encourage resistance to a legitimate sovereign was to sanction conduct by her own example, which might instantly and terribly be repeated against herself. Undoubtedly she held high notions of the royal prerogative. Her own temper corresponded to the temper of her people. But her conduct was controlled by policy as well as influenced by principle; and the extremity of danger, even at her own doors, could scarcely induce her to change her course even for a moment. In 1559, when Mary of Guise, with the help

of a French army, had crushed the Scotch reformers, and an insurrection in the northern counties of England was immediately imminent, supported by a French invasion, it was only by a threat of resignation that Sir William Cecil prevailed upon her to send troops across the Tweed and prevent the entire ruin of the Protestants. For the same reason she was unable, or thought herself unable, to give open support to William of Orange. If religion was a fair plea for the Low Countries to rebel against Philip, her Catholic subjects would retort the argument fatally upon herself—so at least Elizabeth thought: and whether her own judgment or that of her ministers was at the moment the wisest, is less easy to decide than it may seem.

Yet, after all, the help which she actually rendered was very far from insignificant. There was peace in name between Elizabeth and Philip; but it was the peace of mortal enemies who were but watching the moment to strike each other with deadliest advantage. Philip might keep peace with England. He kept none with its Protestant queen. From the moment at which she refused his hand, and chose her course as a champion of the Reformation, she was the one mark of every villain whom Spanish gold could bribe to murder her. Fresh light has been thrown by Mr. Motley on some of these plots. They were incessant, and always of a single form; Elizabeth was to be murdered, Mary of Scotland was to be proclaimed her successor, and a Spanish army was to sweep across in the confusion out of the Netherlands.

Elizabeth, well aware of these schemes, was not likely to have wished to see Alva triumphant, or to have felt herself under very strict obligations to his master. She did not send Philip's ambassador his passports, or recall her own from Madrid. But her subjects were permitted to volunteer by thousands into the service of the Prince of Orange—a breach of neutrality which an American writer ought surely to recognize; and, far more than that, she granted roving commissions to the young adventurers of the day, the Drakes, the Oxenham, the Hawkinses, to seek their fortunes in the southern seas, to seize the Spanish towns, to plunder the Spanish treasure-ships, and to cut off at the fountain the streams of gold which fed the armies of Alva and of Parma. If those streams had flowed unbroken, the Brussels

treasury would never have been drained; the Spanish troops would not have mutinied; and who can say then, how long the provinces could have stemmed the tide? This was not much, perhaps, but it was something. Elizabeth was not wholly occupied with jealousies of France, and dubious coquetry with liberty; and we could wish that, since Mr. Motley found it necessary to speak of her, there had been some more clear acknowledgement both of her domestic perils and her services in the great cause. The Prince of Parma said that the Netherlands were to be conquered only in London. Perhaps in the promised continuation of his work, Mr. Motley will tell us how Parma was brought at last to that conclusion.

It is ungracious, however, even to find so slight a fault with these admirable volumes. Mr. Motley has written without haste, with the leisurely composure of a master; and among the most interesting portions of his narrative are the details of the subsidiary intrigues of the Spanish king. The archives of Ximenes have yielded up many an infernal secret never designed for light. And although Philip the Second has long borne a character in history tolerably hateful, the scientific malignity of his nature has not yet, it seems, been adequately appreciated. Two illustrative stories we must find room to mention. The first relates to the execution of the Seigneur de Montigny, the brother of Count Horn. This nobleman, accompanied by the Marquis Berghen, had been sent by Margaret of Parma into Spain, to represent to Philip the condition of the Netherlands. The envoys had been received with the highest courtesy, but on various pretexts they were detained in Madrid. At length Berghen died; and Montigny, whose crime had been merely to have defended in council, and by petition, the constitutional liberties of the provinces, was first placed under surveillance, and afterwards imprisoned. Thus he remained till the Duke of Alva had been two years at Brussels, and the executions were slackening for want of victims. Montigny's crimes, however, had been the same as Egmont's; and Philip was resolved that sooner or later he should suffer the same penalty. His case by the King's order was laid before the Blood Council at Brussels: that the accused should be present on his trial was held to be a needless formality. He was condemned in his

absence to death, and the sentence was transmitted to Madrid.

For many reasons, chiefly because the world would have called such a proceeding by hard names, a public execution was thought undesirable. The Madrid Council suggested poison. The expedient was a natural one; but Philip's conscience hesitated. Poison was informal, and wore an ugly resemblance to assassination. The prisoner, for the sake of justice, must be regularly disposed of; but the death, at the same time, must be so contrived that the world should believe it natural.

"This point having been settled," says Mr. Motley, "the King now set about the arrangements of his plan with all that close attention to detail which marked his character. The patient industry which, had God given him a human heart and love of right, might have made him a useful monarch, he devoted to a scheme of midnight murder, with a tranquil sense of enjoyment which seems almost incredible."

The first step was to remove Montigny from Segovia, where he had been previously confined, to the more secure and retired castle of Ximencas. The alcalde of this fortress was informed of the intended execution, and of the necessity of observing a profound secrecy. The refinement of the next proceedings is so curious, that some attention will be required to follow them.

The prisoner, on being brought to Ximencas, was allowed some little liberty. He was permitted to walk in the corridor adjoining his apartment. The object of the indulgence presently appeared. In a few days an emissary of the Government brought down from Madrid two letters, each of them the composition of his most sacred Majesty. The first was addressed to Montigny himself. It was unsigned, and contained a suggestion of a plan for his escape. This was to be thrown into the corridor at a time when it would be found by the alcalde, or by some officer of the castle, and was to form a pretext for instant and close imprisonment. The other letter was one addressed by Philip to himself, which was to be signed by the alcalde. It related to the intended escape. It stated further, that Montigny, in consequence of the confinement to which it had been necessary to subject him, had fallen grievously ill; but that he should receive all the attention compatible

with his safe-keeping. Philip's directions were faithfully observed. The first paper was thrown into the corridor. The alcalde found it. Montigny, in spite of his protests, was locked in a single room, and Philip's letter to himself was signed and returned. The court physician was despatched in haste to attend on the sick prisoner; and, on coming back to Madrid, declared publicly that his patient was suffering from a disorder from which it was scarcely possible that he could recover.

A few days were allowed to elapse, and the public having been thus prepared to hear of Montigny's death, it was time to inflict it. A party of officials, accompanied by an ecclesiastic, came down to Ximencas, and Philip was once more his own correspondent. He informed himself in a despatch, which was again to bear the alcalde's signature, that in spite of all precautions the Seigneur Montigny had continued to grow worse, and had at length expired; that a priest had attended him in his last moments, and that he had died in so Catholic a frame of mind, that good hopes might be entertained of his salvation. The preparations were thus nearly complete. The delicacy of Philip's touch in such matters, added, however, one further refinement. Montigny was now told that he was to die. He was not allowed to make a will; being under sentence for high treason, his property was supposed to be confiscated; but he was permitted to draw up a memorial of his debts, under the stipulation that he was to make no allusion to his approaching execution, but was to use the language of a man seriously ill, who feels himself at the point of death.

"By this infernal ingenuity," observes Mr. Motley, "it was proposed to make the victim an accomplice in the plot, and to place a false exculpation of his assassins in his dying lips."

Under these exquisite arrangements the murder was completed. Montigny was strangled at midnight. He was buried decently by the king's orders; a grand mass and seven hundred lesser masses were said for the repose of his soul, the king himself having particularly fixed the number. Philip's epistle explanatory, announcing the fatal termination of the illness, was duly signed and sent. And this, with the other which preceded it, was published in the Netherlands with complete

success. The truth was never even conjectured, and Montigny was believed universally to have followed his brother ambassador into a grave which had been dug for him by disguise.

It may be asked how the authenticity of a story has been ascertained, which is more like an incident out of a highly seasoned French novel than an occurrence of actual human life. And, indeed, Alexander Dumas might put himself to school with Philip, and borrow a finish for his fictions which the delicate hand of a greater master of the art of plotting once gave to reality. The accuser, in this instance, is the King of Spain himself; the evidence is the secret narrative with which he furnished the Duke of Alva; and the entire unconsciousness, the innocence, the simplicity with which he relates all the horrible details to the viceroy is perhaps the most amazing feature in the whole transaction. He describes the minute particulars of his treachery with quiet, formal conscientiousness; and the curious inquirer in such matters will find in the concluding passage of the despatch a remarkable evidence of the effects which a Jesuit training can achieve with human nature.

"The King observed that there was not a person in Spain who doubted that Montigny had died of a fever. He added, that if the sentiments of the deceased nobleman had been at all in conformity with his external manifestations according to the account received of his last moments, it was to be hoped that God would have mercy on his soul. The secretary who copied the letter, took the liberty of adding to this paragraph the suggestion that if Montigny were really a heretic, the devil, who always assists his children in such moments, would hardly have failed him in his dying hour. Philip, displeased with this flippancy, caused the passage to be erased. He even gave vent to his royal indignation in a marginal note to the effect that we should always express favorable judgments concerning the dead. . . . It seemed never to have occurred, however, to this remarkable moralist that it was quite as reprehensible to strangle an innocent man as to speak ill of him after his decease."

We recommend this story to the consideration of English historians. The Anglo-Catholics and the Latitudinarians have united, of late years, in invectives against the repressive measures which the Government of Elizabeth adopted against the Romanists. We must

desire them to study, in the character of the great Romanist champion, the disposition with which that Government had to deal.

The secret history of another intrigue, gathered by Mr. Motley from MSS. in the library at the Hague, will furnish a companion picture to that of the murder of Montigny.

Don John of Austria, when succeeding Requesens in the regency of the Netherlands, had undertaken an occupation which in itself he detested, for the accomplishment of a scheme to which he had devoted himself with the enthusiasm of a crusader. He was the representative, in its most brilliant form, of the pseudo-chivalry of the age; and, aspiring at once to be the Hero of Romanism and the Knight of the Holy See, he had settled his ambition on delivering from her cruel prison the beautiful and interesting Mary Queen of Scots. The throne of Elizabeth and the head of her tyrannical rival were to be the votive offerings for which he trusted that the widow of Darnley would reward him with her hand; and Mary and Don John kneeling at the foot of the Pope were to present to the Holy Father the recovered submission of penitent England.

On the achievement of this exploit, which a perverse future seemed resolved to thwart, Don John's hopes were centered. The poor "winebibbers" whom he was sent to govern were merely hateful to him, and he bore with his office only in the prospect of his dream of glory. For this dream, the prince and his devoted secretary, Escovedo, were incessantly laboring. A never-ceasing correspondence was passing to and fro, upon the details, between Rome, and Madrid, and Brussels. It was to be the great throw of the dice which was to retrieve the Catholic world; and of course the simultaneous murder of the Prince of Orange, to paralyze the rebellion in the provinces, was an important feature in the scheme. All this was well. It was the repetition of a plan which was first conceived by Alva, and it remained a legacy to the successive viceroys of the Netherlands. Philip, however, in this instance, though anxious for the conquest of England, was yet afraid of it. Don John, surrounded by the halo of the achievement, might become a rival to himself: and the prudent king imagined that, among the collateral contingencies of his brother's enterprise, there might lurk treason against the Majesty of Spain.

Philip's confidential minister at this time was the infamous Antonio Perez—a man whose deeper subtlety played with Philip as with a child; and who at the moment was intriguing with Philip's mistress, the Princess of Eboli. To Perez, Philip intrusted the management of a secret correspondence with Don John and with Escovedo. He was to pretend to them that it was carefully concealed from the king; he was directed to draw them out, to tempt them, to play upon them, to wind into their most secret confidence.

"The plot," says Mr. Motley, "was to draw from Don John and Escovedo, by means of this correspondence, the proofs of treason which the king and minister both desired to find. The letters from Spain were written with this view; those from Florence were opened with this end. Every confidential letter received by Perez was immediately laid before the king; every letter which the artful demon wrote was filled with hints as to the danger of the king's learning the existence of the correspondence, and with promises of profound secrecy upon his own part, and was then immediately placed in Philip's hands to receive his comments and criticisms before being copied and despatched to the Netherlands. The minister was playing a cold, murderous, and treacherous game, and played it in a masterly manner. Escovedo was lured to his destruction; Don John was made to fret his heart away; and Philip, more deceived than all, was betrayed in what he considered his affections, and made the mere tool of a man as false as himself, and infinitely more accomplished."

There was no real treason, or thought of it, on the part of Don John. The supposed plot had been invented by Perez for his own dark purposes. But the inexhaustible faculty of suspicion in the king was never addressed by any one without response; and to pass into the secret closet of men's hearts, wrapped in the invisible mantle of treachery, was the occupation in which, beyond all other earthly enjoyments, his nature delighted. This drama, too, had a terrible ending. Escovedo, sent by Don John to Madrid, discovered, not the mine which had been dug by the king and Perez, but the intrigue between Perez and the Eboli, and, in his unsuspecting fidelity, he threatened to inform Philip. This sealed his doom. In a few days he was murdered in the streets, and Philip had been duped by his mistress and her paramour into directing the assassination.

Mr. Motley, who himself takes a sort of scientific interest in the structure of these underplots, traces the story through all its refined subtleties. He then concludes with the following terse summary of the relative position of the parties:

"No apology is necessary for laying a somewhat extensive analysis of this secret correspondence before the reader. If there be any value in the examples of history, certainly few chronicles can furnish a more instructive moral. Here are a despotic king and his confidential minister laying their heads together in one cabinet; the viceroy of the most important province in the realm with his secretary deeply conferring in another; not as to the manner of advancing the great interests, moral or material, of the people over whom God has permitted them to rule, but as to the best means of arranging conspiracies against the throne and life of a neighboring sovereign with the connivance and subsidies of the Pope. In this scheme, and in this only, the high conspirators are agreed. In every other respect mutual suspicion and profound deceit characterize the scene. The king, while expressing unbounded confidence in the viceroy, is doing his utmost, through the agency of the subtlest intriguer in the world, to inveigle him into confessions of treasonable schemes; and the minister is filling reams of paper with protestations of affection for the governor and secretary, with sneers at the character of the king, and with instructions as to the best method of deceiving him, and then laying the despatches before his majesty for correction and enlargement. To complete the picture, the monarch and his minister are seen urging the necessity of murdering the foremost man of the age upon the very dupe who was himself to be assassinated by the self-same pair; while the arch-plotter who controls the strings of all these complicated projects is equally false to king, governor, and secretary, and is engaging all the others in these blind and tortuous paths for the accomplishment of his own most secret and most ignoble aims."

With this extract we now take our leave of Mr. Motley, desiring him only to accept our hearty thanks for these volumes, which we trust will soon take their place in every English library. Our quotations will have sufficed to show the ability of the writer. Of the scope and general character of his work we have given but a languid conception. The true merit of a great book must be learnt from the book itself. Our part has been rather to select varied specimens of style and

power. Of Mr. Motley's antecedents we know nothing. If he has previously appeared before the public, his reputation has not crossed the Atlantic. It will not be so now. We believe that we may promise him as warm a

welcome among ourselves as he will receive even in America; that his place will be at once conceded to him among the first historians in our common language.

ADDISON AND ERASMUS.—Is not the germ of Addison's *Vision of Mirza* to be found in Erasmus' *Colloquies*?—

"The Apotheosis of Caprio.

"POMPILIUS, BRASSICANUS.

"Br. 'Methought,' says he, 'I was standing by a little bridge, that leads into a wonderful pleasant meadow—the emerald verdure of the grass and leaves affording such a charming prospect that all the fields on this side of the river, by which the blessed field was divided from the rest, seemed neither to grow nor to be green, but looked dead, blasted, and withered. And in the interim, whilst I was wholly taken up with the prospect, *Reuclin* came by He was gotten half way over the bridge, before I perceived him; and as I was about to run to him, he looked back, and bid me keep off. "You must not come yet," says he; "but five years hence, ye shall follow me." He had but one garment, and that was of a wonderful shining white; and a very pretty boy with wings followed him, which I took to be his good genius.'

"Pom. But had he no evil genius with him?

"Br. Yes; for there followed him, a great way off, some birds that were all over black, except, when they spread their wings, they seemed to have feathers about the size of vultures one would have taken them for harpies. While I was intent upon these things, St. Jerome saluted *Reuclin* in these words: 'I am ordered to conduct thee to the mansions of the blessed souls, which the divine bounty has appointed thee, as a reward for thy most pious labors.' Giving *Reuclin* the right hand, conducts him into the meadow, and up a hill that was in the middle of it. . . . By this the holy souls were carried into Heaven, a quire of angels all the while accompanying them, with so charming a melody, that he was never able to think of the delight of it without weeping. . . . When he waked out of his dream, he would not believe he was in his cell, but called for his bridge and his meadow."

I have extracted the above from pp. 132—135, and I think it will be seen that Addison took not only the leading idea, but many particular expressions, from Erasmus. It would be still more evident, on the perusal of the entire passage in the *Colloquies*.—*Notes & Queries*.

CHIMNEYS.—To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*: "Sir,—They are much mistaken who imagine that the pride of long descent is felt only by Welshmen and other long-pedigree-possessing specimens of the genus *homo*. Everything

in England, as well as everybody, is jealous of the reputation of having had an ancestor who either "came over with the Conqueror," or, better still, who flourished on English soil long before the coming of the Normans.

"Sir, I am a chimney, a chimney of the elder branch; and I am proud of my descent from that goodly family of chimneys which arose with the rise of the Anglo-Norman power. There is indeed a tradition preserved amongst us that chimneys first settled in England in Saxon times, and certain illuminations in Saxon MSS. (one of which, Cædmon's Paraphrase, preserved in the Bodleian Library, I may specify) are regarded by some of my archaeological kinsmen as ancestral family portraits. But there can be no doubt or mistake about the Anglo-Norman chimneys: my ancestors yet remain, to tell the tale of their own venerable age, at the castles of Rochester, Colchester, Newcastle, Hedingham, Sherborne, and Conisburgh; also, at Fountains Abbey, Southampton, Boothby Pagnel, Christchurch, and elsewhere: to my most respected cousin at Lincoln, in the so-called 'Jew's House,' I must make a special reference.

"Of the next generation, the chimneys of the 13th century, relatives from whom I am lineally descended, I shall direct your attention only to those individuals who will at any time be most happy to be seen by you at Aydon Castle, in Northumberland, at Little Wenham Hall, in Suffolk, at Abingdon Abbey, in Berkshire, and at Stoke Say, in Shropshire. It is unnecessary for me to mention to you by name any members of my family, removed from me by one degree less, who smoked in the 14th century. Neither need I now refer particularly to my good cousins and esteemed friends at Brantôme, Fontevrault, Rheims, Dol, Cluny, Flavigny, Quinéville, and other places in France.

"You will perceive that I have addressed this communication to you, in consequence of my having read in the *Literary Gazette* of last week a paragraph commencing with the word 'Chimneys,' in which it is deliberately stated that, 'thanks to some learned (?) German, it is a recognized fact in domestic history, that previous to the period of the 14th century chimneys were unknown throughout the world!' This paragraph must have proceeded from some

'parvenu
Of a hot-air flue,'

who hoped, through the medium of your widely circulated pages, to reduce to his own level the time-honored reputation of

"Your ever warm friend,

"AN ENGLISH CHIMNEY OF THE 19TH CENTURY.

"March 20th, 1856."

From The Ladies' Companion.

HELENA: A WIFE'S STORY.

LET the reader imagine to himself a stately and picturesque old English country-seat, with turrets, and twisted chimneys, and bay-windows. A large, solid, and beautiful mansion-house, of dull red brick, whose principal front, many hundred feet in length, looked on a handsome terrace. This princely residence of a noble family was built some time in the fifteenth century. It was set like an ancient jewel, in a framing much larger than itself, for it stood amid acres of lawn and wildernesses of shrubbery. Its long rows of windows opened on fair gardens, dotting whose broad alleys my childish fancy used to picture groups of gentlemen in full-skirted coats, embroidered waistcoats, ruffles, and powdered hair. Shadowy beauties, in hoops and rich brocades, walked and talked with these cavaliers, or stood by the fountains flirting their fans, or watching their own pretty faces in the water; or sat with stiff and shining draperies outspread upon the garden-seats. Olden trees were near, and entertained a noisy colony of rooks, the only noisy tenants of that almost deserted place. There was a great pair of iron gates, through which, beneath an arch, one passed to the still quadrangle, with its ivied cloisters, and many overlooking windows. In the centre, making silence audible, plashed slow drops from the couch of a moss-grown Triton. Most of the rooms were shut up; a few in one wing were appropriated to myself. In the other wing were my father's, who, however, seldom occupied his; for he was an active statesman, and Deansdale was two hundred miles from London before the railways.

Though an only daughter, and an heiress, I was not a spoiled child. Caress of father or mother in my childish days I never knew. In the great old family mansion, with a prim governess, and a few ancient servants, I grew up, a stranger to every endearment commonly lavished on children. My life had the coldness and regularity of a convent existence. I rose early, walked, worked, read, and prayed, under strict surveillance. A sharp eye was upon my studies and upon the books I read. I was allowed very little poetry, and no romances, for a fatal *something* — what I did not know — was upon me like a curse, and abrogated my right to pleasure. I early comprehended that my duty lay in a life of asceticism. My dress was of the plainest kind, and made without any particular regard to fit or fashion. The very housemaids I knew looked on me with something of scorn, as well as of pity: so did my governess, so did my father, whom I seldom saw.

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He had several country-places nearer London than the mansion I inhabited, and I knew that these were more conveniently visited in the intervals of his parliamentary duties. But I felt that, if he loved me, he would come oftener. What made it impossible for people to love me, I understood not. I had only a vague idea that some peculiarity in my character or circumstances made me an outcast.

One evening my father arrived, without any previous notice, at Deansdale. Miss Mac Nab (my governess) and I had taken tea, and were sitting in our great, dull, holland-shrouded drawing-room; she, as usual, busy with her letter-writing, I gravely reading some solemn book. We were summoned to attend Lord Evesham, and trembling — I always trembled when I was to see my father — I took Miss Mac Nab's skinny hand. In his best moods, Lord Evesham treated me with graceful elegance and studied politeness; in his worst, with cool disdain and haughty distance. When we entered, he was walking hurriedly to and fro in his library — a proceeding which I knew indicated some irritation of temper. I entered and curtsied; Lord Evesham bowed coldly in return. Miss Mac Nab came in with her usual poor frightened manner, and waited standing till Lord Evesham, with a decisive gesture, gave her permission, or rather ordered her, to sit. She sank at once into a chair. My father looked at me earnestly and critically from beneath his black, bushy eyebrows. Then, turning to Miss Mac Nab, he said tersely, "Lady Susan — psha — Helena grows" (they were both my names, and Susan came first; but he hated it).

Miss Mac Nab received the remark as a personal compliment; she was conscientiously anxious about me, and considered herself responsible even for my stature.

"I hope she is steady and studious, Miss Mac Nab?"

"Pretty well, my Lord."

"No cursed imagination, I hope? Is not too fond of poetry and music?"

"She is very fond of music, my Lord, and really has a voice of great sweetness and power."

At this point my father had just turned in his weary promenade, and was receding from us; but he suddenly stood still, looked round upon us, and said, in a coarse, angry tone, "Voice! why, good Heaven, ma'am, you don't teach her to sing?"

"O no, my Lord," replied startled Miss Mac Nab; "I have too much regard for her future voice to let her commence *solfeggio* so young. But she sings to herself as children sing."

"Begin to teach her to-morrow. Let her

practise *solfeggio* some hours daily: do it regularly."

"My Lord——"

My father waved one long white hand, with an air that effectually prevented the conclusion of my governess' speech.

"Go," he said, tersely; and then, as if suddenly recollecting that Miss Mac Nab was a free woman, and not a bond slave, "go, if you please; I am weary and occupied."

Such was my father's reception of me after a six months' absence. Almost my only recreation was to walk in the beautiful but neglected grounds. Deansdale was a great place, and required four times the staff my father maintained there; but its very rankness of luxuriance had an attraction for me. My pursuits were so clipped and shorn into shape, that the sight of anything growing as it listed had a charm. I envied the ivy, that wound, unrebuked, its loving green arms about the olden house-corners, making picturesque decay more beautiful. To be sure, my walks were regulated by my jailer—for such Miss Mac Nab seemed to me. I had to go at her side, and to keep her pace. I had a sufficient idea of the stain that was upon me to feel that the most devoted obedience and submission to my elders was the only course which could palliate its blackness. Therefore, while I envied the embracing ivy and the thousand caressing rings of the spring creepers, I never presumed to throw my arms around Miss Mac Nab's neck, for I knew she would not like it. Though I envied the free life of the birds, and coveted their wings, I walked demurely and resignedly at her side. My life was rigorously apportioned: so many hours to language, to grammar, to music, and to work. Languages I did not like, grammar I detested, work I tolerated because its interval was the only time when my vagrant child's fancy had its full play. O, not the only time! For I passionately loved music, and would have played half the day had not Miss Mac Nab kept me strictly to the allotted time of practice. A beautiful melody seemed to let my imagination loose among all the glories of the universe. My ear clung to a fine air as a bee to a honey-flower. My voice, which echoed every sweet sound I heard, was almost my only plaything. I sang because I could not help it. Every beautiful sensation resolved itself into music. Every melancholy feeling, and these were more numerous, asked a sad song to interpret it. Once Miss Mac Nab used to forbid my singing, but I really could not help it, and she began to tolerate it. I think she really liked it. We were never out of each other's presence, and I sometimes think, now, that her life must have been almost as weary as mine. But she was a

severe, conscientious woman, and had no idea of enjoyment beyond the fulfilment of duty. Week after week passed in the same monotonous style. Only now and then my father came down upon us like a hurricane, without warning or preparation. This was his policy, but he always found Miss Mac Nab at her post, careful and watchful.

As time wore on, I began to yearn more and more for the love of some human creature. My still cold life seemed so very cruelly heartless that I have even kissed the flowers for want of a human cheek. Once, when the Earl was at Deansdale and Miss Mac Nab was summoned from our walk by some person in-doors, I passed the drawing-room windows, which, to please my mother, as I had somehow learned, had been opened to the lawn. My father lay on a couch, apparently sleeping; he looked tired and sad; I myself was sad that morning, and Miss Mac Nab seemed colder and more formal than ever. As I passed and repassed the folding windows, my father's sleeping figure had a strange fascination for me. My promenade grew shorter in its turns, from ten paces to eight, from eight to four, from four to two. At last I stood before the open window. His books and papers—he had always books and papers about him—bestrewed the table; his hat and cane lay on the floor; his gloves and a green budding hawthorn twig he had cut lay on the old-fashioned piano. The whole aspect of his surroundings breathed so simply of common every-day life, that he seemed something less awful than usual. I looked at his sleeping face; it was worn with deep thought, and not without traces of trial, resolve, and cares endured. A twitch of pain seemed now and then to contract his flexible mouth. Was it a twitch of pain or a smile? I drew a little nearer—he stirred not—I came nearer yet. Holding my breath, I put my finger in one of his gray-brown curls and felt its silken clasp. Still he slept. His eyelashes were wet. O God, he too knew sorrow! Perhaps he too felt the want of love. I would—I must love him. Before I could contemplate what I was about I had kissed his lips, and in so doing awoke him. He gazed at me wildly and flung me from him. "Begone, child, with thy witch eyes! Who sent thee here? Leave me, and never again come without being summoned."

"O father, father!" I cried, for I was excited with scorned affection, "let me love you. I want some one to love—I—I—am so unhappy——"

"Be silent!" commanded Lord Evesham, in a passionate voice. "Be silent! I have heard such accursed words ere now. You have poison in your veins. Your kiss is

worse than the sting of a foul serpent. Am I not enduring thee and nurturing thee because—God help me!—the trunk is old and I have no other offshoot? But that is all I *can* do.” He continued, in a milder tone, as he saw that I tried to repress my sobs, “Go, child, go to thy governess. Why did she leave thee? Do thy duty, and wish for nought beyond.”

My passionate longing, thus sternly rebuked, burned with a fiercer though a hidden fire. I no longer, indeed, felt any inclination to love Lord Evesham, but I glowed with attractive force when reading of any character I admired. My mind was solitary, and therefore fanciful. I thought I loved Sir Philip Sidney, and imagined his courtly figure treading the moss-grown alleys by my side. Every little gleam of romance in history fed the flame, which had little else to sustain it. My father's visits yearly became more and more rare; I was conscious that I grew beautiful, and conscious also that this was a fresh reason of dislike between us. Just as I was sixteen, I heard that he was appointed ambassador at Paris, and he departed on his mission without even a line or a word to me, his only child. He wrote to Miss Mac Nab a letter, which I saw. He warned her that I was growing up, and needed stricter watching than ever. He besought her not to let the curse he dreaded break out in the second generation, and concluded by a cold message of formal advice to me.

I do not think that I am naturally cruel and cold, though I felt a strange pang of relief when I knew Lord Evesham to be abroad. His sudden arrivals had always discomposed my nerves and set my sad heart throbbing. Miss Mac Nab's failing strength was also a cause of some relief from the constant overlooking which had wearied me. I began to walk sometimes in the gardens without her, while she read in her easy-chair, or wrote interminable letters to a sister, whose marriage was a kind of miracle in the family, there being five or six spinster sisters and only one wife, who was looked on accordingly with intense respect and regard. She was still careful of my progress, and procured as masters for me, in various accomplishments, the oldest and ugliest persons she could find in their professions. Thus I grew into young womanhood with keen sensibilities and without a friend.

The nearest house to Deansdale was a little place called Audley End, which indeed stood within our park fence, having been a jointure house of the family, or a residence for spinster daughters, which some oversight or accident had now alienated from the elder branch. The place had never been inhabited within my recollection, and the drive to Audley

End, being wild and picturesque, was one I often took. Sometimes I wandered, by permission of the old man who kept the house, through the deserted gardens, whose living prettiness—for the old man kept them up with the help of two or three country lads—formed a striking contrast to the wild overgrowth and stately proportions of Deansdale. Miss Mac Nab did not care much for Audley End, but, as she continued to lose her strength, she left me, against her will, much to myself in my out-door exercises, and I went there more and more frequently, attended always in my drives by Christopher, the old servant who had waited on me from babyhood. One morning I found the old man at Audley End sadly perplexed; I inquired the reason. “My Lady,” said he, touching his hat, “I have kept the place these seventeen year, and almost look on it as my own. This morning I got a letter from foreign parts warning me that Master Montague is coming home, and I am to see the house prepared for him. Rather vexatious, that, to an old man!”

“Who is Master Montague, then?” I inquired, for I had never heard of the owner of Audley End.

“Master Montague, my lady! What, hav'n't you never heard of *him*? Why, he's your own father's cousin in some way—leastway his mother was your father's cousin—and some folks say the Earl was very sweet upon her; but I suppose she liked Mr. Montague best.”

“Is Master Montague a young child?” I pursued.

“Lord love ye, no, my Lady. He's about thirty-odd, I suppose.”

“O, quite a middle-aged man,” I said, surprised, for thirty seems old to a young girl of seventeen.

I avoided Audley End for the future, though I did not mention our expected neighbor to Miss Mac Nab. I felt it was my place to shun any meeting with a stranger.

One morning as I sat on the south terrace, making a sketch of Deansdale for my father—who loved drawing, and might, I hoped, be propitiated by my progress in the art—I was startled by a soft low voice, which said, almost in my ear, “Those fingers are guided by an artist's taste; but, pardon me, your drawing is a *little* out here. Look!” And the pencil was taken from my hands by fingers as white but longer than my own. The tone of authority to which I was so accustomed forbade me to move until the correction was finished; then I looked up to thank the stranger, and met the free open gaze of a handsome sunburnt man, whose clear bold eyes seemed searching for some

secret in mine. I was quite unused to strangers, and his every glance set my cheeks on fire. He stayed but for a few minutes, and then, apologizing for having been tempted by the beauty of the park to stray so near the mansion, he struck off over the turf. I could not but notice, and admire as he went, the lithe gracefulness of his figure. A beautiful pointer which had snuffed round me while the gentleman mended my drawing, followed his master at a bounding rate; and as my eye watched the pair, growing smaller and smaller through the lengthening perspective, I felt sure this elegant foreign-looking man was our new neighbor at Audley End. His presumption in addressing me as he had done did not vex or shock me; for I was so totally unused to the world, and so habituated to correction and control. Miss Mac Nab was on the sofa with a headache, and I did not mention to her that I had seen anybody.

A day or two afterwards I strolled through the shubberies to the bank of the winding stream which made the grounds of Deansdale so beautiful. I sat down under the willows, and as I fell into thought, began to sing. I know not how long I had sung when, looking up, I saw my neighbor and his pointer in a small boat. He gracefully raised his hat, and bidding the pointer keep down (for the dog knew me again, and offered to swim ashore), he pulled his boat in and said playfully—"I have found Lorely then, after a long and weary search."

"Lorely?" said I, inquiringly.

"Lorely," repeated he, in his positive tones, and looking straight into my eyes. I reddened. He smiled.

"Come into the boat; it is very pleasant."

Vashti disobeyed Ahasuerus. I was not Vashti. He was more commanding than Ahasuerus. I stepped in, but with a slight shudder; for I was timid of the water.

"Whatails you?" he asked more tenderly when he saw my timidity. "You are as startled as a wood-pigeon."

"I am timid of the water," I answered.

"Timid? There, let me hold your hand. And so you have never heard of Lorely?"

"Never."

"Listen, then." And resting his oars, he kept the boat under the willows, while, in a musical voice, he told me of the legendary spirits and goblins that haunt the regions of the Rhine. I knew nothing of romance; and when I first listened to it, I was like an Indian who puts the firewater to his fresh lips. It enchanted me. As he continued, every pebble in the stream appeared like the gleaming eye of some naiad—every flower-bell held a haunting sprite. He told me

ghost-stories and fairy-tales, until my unaccustomed brain felt giddy. At last he said—

"Will they not want you at home?"

"Have I been here long?" I asked.

He smiled, and said—"Only two hours."

"Two hours? O dear! Pray put me ashore. Miss Mac Nab will be alarmed."

"Is Miss Mac Nab a dragon?" he inquired.

"A dragon? No, a lady—my governess."

"A careful governess, to trust so much beauty alone! Take care. Your foot is not steady. There. Adieu. We shall meet again soon!"

I hurried up the shrubbery-walks, and found Miss Mac Nab just where I left her, and asleep. When she awoke I was working, and she had no suspicion that I had been out longer than my allotted hour. This day was not so wearisome as my past days: for I had something to occupy my thoughts. Undine and Lorely, and a host of quaint sprites, were dancing about my brain. I thought, too a little of our neighbor—for I felt sure he *was* our neighbor—and wondered why so clever a man should bury himself in a small country-house like Audley End.

The next morning, not without a faint hope of meeting him and hearing more legends, I walked towards the river. There was no boat. I sat down and sketched a spray of bells which grew near me, for I had brought my pencils. I was enchanted with fairy ideas, and into every bell I put a weird face, or at least peeping and unearthly eyes. They laughed and watched from every blossom. About the stalk and sitting in the stem where the bell sprang were other goblin figures; and on the top a little creature, as like a queen as I could make her, whose long hair veiled her slender frame. My fancy pleased me. I carefully worked at and enjoyed the sketch. Presently I felt a cold touch on my fingers—it was the pointer's nose. I looked up. Max's master stood behind me, looking over my picture.

"Do you know," said he, as he sat down by me, "that you have the imagination and taste of an artist? That you sing like an—well, like Lorely. Do you know that you are a beauty of perfect mould?"

"Do you like beautiful people?" I inquired.

"I worship beauty," he answered.

"But you ought not to *worship* beauty,"

I replied gravely.

"That is about the only thing I do worship," retorted he, smiling.

"Can it be possible?" I exclaimed innocently. "O no, you are too kind and pleasant to be so very wicked."

"Why, how on earth, my child, have you been brought up? Who are you?" said he with a strange smile.

"Helena Wilton."

"Who is your father? Lord Evesham's steward, I suppose?"

"My father is Lord Evesham," I replied quietly.

"Lord Evesham Wilton—O, yes; he changed his name some years back. Are you his only child?"

"Yes" (with a sigh). "I wish I were not."

"Why, pretty innocent, wish that?"

"O! because if I had a sweet sister, I should have some one to love—some one to love me. But I have no friends."

"Let me be your friend," said he tenderly. "I, too, want some one to love. Fool that I am!"

"Why a fool?"

"Because love brings unrest and disappointment, and ends in treachery."

"Does it?" I exclaimed, snatching away the hand he had taken. "O, I thought love made people very happy."

"It does, sometimes, for a little space. We will love each other, and you shall try whether it makes you happy. You are not afraid of me now? You were when in the boat, you know."

"A little. I—I must go home now. I have been out so long. Farewell."

"Farewell, Helen, my Helen; yes, in spite of all, my Helen. There is a fate in these things. Be careful to come here to-morrow. One kiss—just one—I will."

I broke from him, with flushed cheeks and a wildly-beating heart. Yet I met him on the morrow—on many morrows.

Miss Mac Nab grew more valetudinarian. My father had placed such entire confidence in her, that she alone was in communication with him regarding me. Conscientious as she had proved herself while able to watch me, I suppose that, having only a poor and overcrowded home as an alternative, she felt anxious not to own to him that she was no longer fit for her duties. I was left more frequently to myself, and saw more and more of my neighbor. He interested and informed me by his conversation; he gave me lessons in German, in drawing, in music. He often met me with his boat, and dropping quietly down the river, we got out at Audley End, and entering by the French windows, gave no token of our approach. Here he taught me. Youth, and the fascination of my neighbor's company, were too strong to be quelled by the faint whisperings of conscience. A poor unloved child, it seemed so new and beautiful to be cherished and fondly treated. Three months had passed; his influence over me

was boundless. Superior age, intellect, and knowledge of the world, gave him every advantage. I loved him with the whole force of a passionate nature. Meantime Miss Mac Nab often kept her bedroom the whole day. While I listened to tales of foreign travel, of the vine-clad Rhineland, of prosperous Flanders and her old cathedrals, of pleasant France, where the Mediterranean washes her shores; or to sweeter stories still. One morning Miss Mac Nab called me to her, and told me with a flushed face and hurried voice, that Lord Evesham had summoned us to join him in Paris within a week; at the same time she gave me a note, the first my father had ever written me.

"HELENA, for I will never use the other name, you are now old enough to know something of your own history and circumstances. I was young and not unamiable when I loved your beautiful and detested mother. I loved her better than I like to remember, and I indulged her as only a fond and foolish lover can. Within three years she eloped from me with a man who had been my friend, and though she left you, a cradled infant, under my care, I am far from feeling sure that I have any claim to your guardianship. But I had vast estates to leave, and the hated man who had desolated my home was, in right of his wife, my heir-at-law. I therefore determined to bring you up as my daughter and heiress; not in order to confer a benefit on you, but to keep this—yet I will not name him—this man from the inheritance. He had once been my dearest friend; he had thwarted me in my first love for my cousin, whom he married and in whose right he was heir (if you were illegitimate) to my estates. I have used every precaution to keep your mother's crime from you until you could see its heinousness. You will appreciate the generosity which has sheltered and fostered you, and will, I hope, never give me cause to regret it. I am now about to introduce you to the world as my heiress; take care that your circumspection equals my watchfulness. EYESHAM."

I read this strange cold letter several times, before I could quite gather all the sense of it. At last I understood that I inherited a curse, and that my joyless childhood had been in expiation thereof. What a price had the wretched woman who bore me paid for her unlawful love! My share in my father's love was part of it. The remembrances of his manifest dislike came crowding to my mind; nor could I wonder that he should have hated me. I held it no injustice that he should have done so, now I understood our relative positions. Could I ever by earnest perseverance hope to gain the love of a heart so cruelly outraged? A heart so little disposed to be affectionate towards me. But to go to Paris! To leave Montagne, who had begun to be rather indifferent to me,

and had therefore more power over me than ever; for latterly the boat had not always been waiting for me at the time appointed. Sometimes Montague had been half-an-hour or an hour beyond the time, sometimes he had not come at all; and after weary watching and waiting, I had gone home with a bursting heart. He once said he liked to see my countenance when I had been pining over his absence. It bore signs of his power, and he loved power like a demon. Had I possessed a family circle, or other interests, I think perhaps his influence over me might have been less absorbing; as it was, he was my one object in life, and I clung to him with passionate devotion, even while mourning (sometimes he *was* cruel) his cruelty.

After having read and reread my letter, I left poor Miss Mac Nab, struggling with physical languor and mental confusion, writing orders for dress-makers and milliners to put my wardrobe in travelling order, while I went to the river-side, hoping, praying that Montague might come. I thought, perhaps, that he would follow us to Paris, and there ask my hand of my father. Surely Lord Evesham could not object to such a son-in-law! Yet, I felt myself such a poor, foolish, ignorant girl, compared with the object of my worship, that I almost doubted whether human condescension could reach so low. Many thoughts chased each other through my mind as I walked up and down by the bank. The alders stirred—he was coming—no, it was a bird. A faint ripple—was it caused by an oar? I looked in haste, and traced the widening circle left by a leaping fish. My secret burned my heart. I longed to tell Montague how dishonored I felt by my mother's fall, how alone in the world, and dependent on his love. Yes, that idea was paramount to every other. I was alone, and dependent on his love. How long I paced the river-bank I cannot tell. He came not that day; nor the next; nor the next. The long weary week passed away. I was but a young girl, and for the first time in my life my dress was made a matter of expense and consideration; but the exchange of my simple garments for such as befitted my age and station diverted me not. I cared for nothing but to please Montague; and he had loved me in my rustic simplicity. O, could I but see him ere we left England!

Miss Mac Nab, under the influence of my father's summons and the absolute necessity for action, had somewhat revived her former watchfulness, and it became more difficult for me to get to the trysting place. The days drew on; I *must* see Montague before I left; I wrote him a few burning words of mingled love and reproach, to transmit which occasioned me much trouble. I received no

answer, but the information that Mr. Montague had suddenly left Audley End, and was not expected to return at present. Cruel!

I pass over the few days we stayed in London, during which my father's sister presented me at Court. I pass over the journey, and poor Miss Mac Nab's heroic struggle with real suffering. We arrived in Paris. Lord Evesham received me with grave courtesy, which I gratefully accepted. I had never been so treated before. Montague had always assumed a great superiority over me; he had treated me either as a fond parent treats a little child, or as the angel-lovers may have treated the "daughters of men." My father deferred to my wishes, which he had some trouble to get me to express, and studied my welfare in everything. I had not been in Paris a week when he frankly told me he was surprised and delighted with me; that my manners, which a fine instinct must have taught me, were so very far beyond my rustic breeding; and that my modest reserve heightened beauty which I must soon learn that all the world acknowledged. He told me that my position would be one perilous, almost certainly fatal to a weak-minded woman, but that he was rejoiced to perceive he might place confidence in my understanding and principles. Had he known that the despised girl at Deansdale was growing into such a woman, he said, he should have seen me long before. Whatever doubt rested on my birth, I was the daughter of his heart. Then he embraced me fondly, and I sobbed out my filial love upon his breast. Only one memory gave a sting to that moment—the memory of my concealed friendship for Montague. For a very few weeks in the world had shown me how imprudently and unwarily I had acted in cultivating the acquaintance of a person who had made no overtures to my natural guardians. But while I blamed myself, and thought that perhaps the easiness wherewith he had won my heart led him to despise and abandon me, I loved him still, and hoped he would yet deign to seek me out again. I lived in a state of tremulous hope and fear. Any day might be the day of my master's return—any day might give the tame cup of fashionable life that quick sharp zest of intellect and passion which had marked all my intercourse with Montague.

My father had secured the good services of a highborn Englishwoman as my *chaperon*; and under her guardianship I was led from ball to banquet—from pleasure to pleasure. I became the fashion: *how* I cannot tell; but so it was. People began to imitate the bonnets I wore, and the colors I chose in my dress. People told my father his daughter was singularly highbred and beautiful. The best men in the best society disputed the

honor of my arm to the table, my hand in the dance, my conversation in a quiet corner. I was *spirituelle*; I was original; I had such a beautiful shade of melancholy, the last charm of an expressive female face; I was piquante and full of talent; under my high-bred manner lay a warm heart. All these, and many more compliments, were buzzed into my ears night after night. The more open admiration of my beauty disgusted me; I felt it an insult. The more delicate flattery moved me not; excepting when I saw Lord Evesham's pride in his daughter. Everywhere my eyes sought a form they found not; everywhere my mind asked for the companion, the friend, the tutor I had lost. Cruel Montague! And yet perhaps he knew not how much I loved him. At our last meeting we had had a little skirmish of words. I never dreamed that my impertinence might offend him irrevocably. But as the months rolled on, I began to believe that I should never see him again. I made up my mind that only death could have severed him so wholly from me; and after a time I began to think of him with that softened regret which we feel for those who have left us forever.

I had many offers. In refusing most of which, I met with little or no opposition from Lord Evesham, whose increasing fondness for me made him think scarcely any match good enough. But when at last came the Duke of G——, the greatest *parti* in England, with a monstrous rent-roll—a princely pedigree—a handsome person, and stately manners—I was no longer to refuse at discretion. Lord Evesham insisted on a reason. I could give none. He settled the matter: I was engaged to the Duke of G——. I had not arranged the matter, but so it was; and I could no more refuse my consent than the sovereign of a constitutionally-governed country can refuse assent to a bill for which nine-tenths of his subjects are clamoring. The Duke was, I believe, the proudest man who ever lived. My father cautioned me never to mention to my affianced what had been told me of my history; and indeed the Duke's manner little invited such confidence. He loved me I think next to his family grandeur; he spent much time with me; long mornings, when I was often weary as "Mariana" must have been in her "moated grange." He told me of the magnificence of his ancestors, of his vast possessions, of the immense antiquity of the family diamonds, which I should have the inestimable honor to wear. In the evenings we were always out. He wore me on his arm, as an appendage to his mighty magnificence. He expected all to admire and honor where he had deigned to throw the handkerchief. The loveliest

woman, the fleetest horse, the richest furniture, the most sumptuous table, were his by incontestible right. He was the Duke of G——. In saying that, one said all that was necessary to establish his right to the best the world affords. He adored his rank and title, his consequence of name and position, so much that I think he would never have respected himself again had he been proved a changeling, and no duke. This man was my betrothed. My evident coldness did not vex him. He was cold himself. My respectful and distant manners were complimentary to his high birth. Even his wife must not be too familiar with him. He was too grand and too proud to display the knowledge he might have; a dignified silence was his most frequent behavior. To me he unbent, and told me of the former Dukes of G——. I submitted to my fate; I resigned myself to a dim, moonlight-kind of life, in which happiness was softened into absence of suffering, and love into toleration. A strong flavor my existence was not to have. I was to be Duchess of G——; could any woman expect more? Alas! an hour with Lorely and the flower-sprites, an hour of sweet quarrelling and sweeter reconciliation, was better than a year of this tame, purposeless existence. But Montague was dead! there was no hope to the contrary. I might as well be Duchess of G——, and please my father; for in that case—and he *must* be dead—I had no personal hope in life. Thus I debated, and submitted, and wore the golden fetters of the Duke of G——. He escorted me everywhere; he liked to have his vassal near him. He forbade me to dance but with himself. I was for him only, and all the world must see that he was master of the acknowledged beauty, Lady Helena, who had refused so many excellent matches. The period of our return to England was appointed, and the marriage-day was fixed.

One morning he came to me, pale, and for him unusually moved. I asked him gently what ailed him? He said that he had heard a slander which vexed him beyond measure—it concerned myself! I did not for the moment think of Montague; and I expressed surprise.

"I know it is false," he said, "your father has told me in what strict retirement you were educated. But this fellow, a *roué* of the first water, declares that you have clandestinely accepted his addresses—that he has your own handwriting to prove your love for him!"

"Good God, it is Montague!"

These words were wrung from me in a moment, and almost without my consent. I felt my blood recede from cheek and lips: I was deadly cold, and, having started from

my seat, stood like a statue. The Duke of G—— was petrified into a moment's silence. Then he exclaimed in a voice whose accent of wounded pride I shall never forget — "You know him, then, madam; and I am the victim of a base deception?"

I recalled my scattered senses, and asked the name of the person who had thus openly mentioned me. It was he, and my exclamation saved me the trouble of owning that I had known him. I told, in a simple and truthful way, the exact story of my childhood, and how I had met with Montague; how ignorant of the world I was; how he had won my girlish heart; how suddenly he had left Audley End; how I had concluded him dead. "But could he, did he add, to the cruelty of leaving me thus, the meanness to boast of my love for him? Why did he desert me? Where is he? Let me see him, and he must repent!" Thus I exclaimed in my bewildered frenzy.

"He is beyond repentance, no doubt, madam. We met this morning an hour ago, and I shot the villain through the heart, never dreaming that he told the truth. Is it possible that you, the chaste and pure, still feel an interest in this wretch? Do you know what he was?"

"I know only that he was a man who professed to love me; that he was a scholar, and taught me; that he was a traitor, and left me. But you — what is this pallor — you are bleeding —"

"Yes — I am wounded — I had not thought it so deep as I feel it. Tell me, for Heaven's sake, that you knew nothing of this man's antecedents."

"I have told you so. I swear it to content you. But let me call assistance, you are bleeding so fast."

"What matters? My honor — your honor is mine — has been assailed, let me bleed on. This Montague, Helena, was the vilest wretch in Europe — a man married twenty times over, if vows of love held good in law — a gamester — a profligate — the son of your mother's tempter —"

"Do you know her sad story?" I groaned.

"Yes, and had overcome disgust for your sake. O, Helena, you have given me my death-blow!"

With or without his permission I was compelled to call for help. He was laid on my father's bed and a surgeon was summoned immediately. The bleeding was very great and was difficult to stay. Life seemed halting between this world and the next. His high sense of honor, so quickly wounded on my behalf, gave him a new interest in my eyes; his very pride, contrasted with Montague's want of principle, became a virtue. I watched over him and prayed for his life.

All night it was doubtful, towards morning he became insensible. His broken wanderings were full of my name — full of defiance to those who would injure me. I began to doubt whether I had quite fathomed the character of the cold Duke of G——. I had a shudder when I thought of Montague's fate, but the base cruelty with which he had flung me aside, and the meanness which had revealed my love for him, had effectually cured me of any tender sentiment. The Montague I had loved was forever buried with the past — he was the creature of my own imagination. The Duke could not be moved for many weeks, and my position as his affianced wife gave me a right to see and watch over him. I discovered that this man — this idolater of his own grandeur — had yet one soft place in his heart — he could love and he could pity me. This I found from the language of his delirium. One blessed morning he regained his senses. He was pale and weak, but he knew me. His illness had changed us both. He called me to him.

"Helena!"

I sat down by the bed and took his hand.

"Poor child!" he said tenderly, as he felt my hand tremble, "do not be afraid of me; I am not going to blame you. Lord Evesham was very wrong to leave you so poorly protected. But I have often seen that I am not the man you can love; and now, Helena, having avenged you, I will be generous — how generous, you can never know. I cannot speak much; but you are free, my dearest love."

I was dumb for several minutes. When I had a little collected my sensations, I said: "Do not cast me off without hearing that ever since that fatal morning I have looked to your protection as a safeguard from every ill of life; that your delirious wanderings have told me you once loved me; that your suffering from this frightful wound — incurred for my sake — has won my interest, my pity, and my love. Free you cannot make me, unless you restore to me the heart which indeed your pride and high principle does too well to scorn; for I am all unworthy of the honor you once destined for me."

"What do I hear?" he cried, struggling to speak; "my Helena loves me? Come nearer — no, you shall not kneel; rise, my love: I command you to rise. Have you been nursing me? Tell me again."

"O, I have, and so anxiously!" replied I, kissing the cheek he held towards me: "but —"

"Dearest Helena, trust me, trust my love: forget the past, as I forgive it. We will be one forever and ever!"

In compliance with his earnest wish, our

marriage was privately celebrated within a week or two; and every day shows me some fresh trait of tenderness and excellence in the man I once thought so cold and proud.

But I often shudder to think in what position a few more months of neglect at Deansdale, with Montague's presence, might have found me.

ORDER FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF VAGRANCY, A. D. 1650-51.—At a time when the question of "What is to be done with our vagrant children?" is occupying the attention of all men of philanthropic minds, it may be worth while to give place in your pages to the following order addressed by the Lord Mayor of London to his aldermen in 1650-51, which applies, amongst other things, to that very subject. It will be seen that some of the artifices of beggary in that day were very similar to those with which we are now but too familiar. The difference of treatment between vagrant children over and under nine years of age, is worthy of observation.

"BY THE MAYOR.

"Forasmuch as of late the constables of this city have neglected to put in execution the severall wholesome laws for punishing of vagrants, and passing them to the places of their last abode, whereby great scandall and dishonor is brought upon the government of this city; These are therefore to will and require you, or your deputy, forthwith to call before you the severall constables within your ward, and strictly to charge them to put in execution the said laws, or to expect the penalty of forty shillings to be levied upon their estates, for every vagrant that shal be found begging in their severall precincts. And to the end the said constables may not pretend ignorance, what to do with the severall persons which they shal find offending the said laws, these are further to require them, that al aged or impotent persons who are not fit to work, be passed from constable to constable to the parish where they dwel; and that the constable in whose ward they are found begging, shal give a passe under his hand, expressing the place where he or she were taken, and the place whither they are to be passed. And for children under five years of age, who have no dwelling, or cannot give an account of their parents, the parish where they are found are to provide for them; and for those which shall bee found lying under stalls, having no habitation or parents (from five to nine years old), are to be sent to the Wardrobe House, to be provided for by the corporation for the poore; and all above nine years of age are to be sent to Bridewel. And for men or women who are able to work and goe begging with young children, such persons for the first time to be passed to the place of their abode as aforesaid; and being taken againe, they are to be carried to Bridewel, to be corrected according to the discretion of the governors. And for those persons that shal be found to hire children, or go begging with children not sucking, those children are to be sent to the severall parishes wher they dwel, and the persons so hiring them

to Bridewel, to be corrected and passed away, or kept at work there, according to the governor's discretion. And for al other vagrants and beggars under any pretence whatsoever, to be forthwith sent down to Bridewel to be employed and corrected, according to the statute laws of this commonwealth, except before excepted; and the president and governors of Bridewel are hereby desired to meet twice every week to see to the execution of this Precept. And the steward of the workhouse called the Wardrobe, is authorized to receive into that house such children as are of the age between five and nine, as is before specified and limited; and the said steward is from time to time to acquaint the corporation for the poor, what persons are brought in, to the end they may be provided for. Dated this four and twentyeth day of January, 1650. SADLER."

A PICTURE by Louis Gallait, *Jeanne La Folle*, has excited the greatest enthusiasm in Brussels. From two o'clock till four every day Gallait's studio has been filled with artists and amateurs, all eager to have a view of the painting before it is sent off to Holland, to the gallery of the King, whose property it is. *Jeanne La Folle*, whose devoted love for her husband is a matter of history, is represented as having just entered the sleeping apartment of Philip, in a rich morning dress, with bare feet and flowing hair. She finds her husband lying perfectly still, his face covered, unbroken silence reigns around, and he seems sunk in a deep sleep. His prayer-book lies closed on the desk beside the bed, and the royal sceptre has fallen to the ground. She bends over the sleeping figure, gently raises the covering from his face, and presses one of his hands to her beating heart, whilst the other falls powerless by the side of the bed. She is eagerly waiting for the opening of his eyes, and for the loving and tender looks which she knew so well would greet her. She watches, however, in vain; a strange color seems spread over his cheeks, his eyes remain closed, his mouth is tightly compressed, and his hand cold and heavy. The dreadful truth is dawning upon her; her eyes are full of love, but have at the same time an anxious, bewildered expression. Gallait has chosen the moment when the struggle takes place: love, doubt, and horror, the wavering intellect, and the coming madness, all the indescribable workings of a soul in the fearful moment of transition, are clearly expressed in this beautiful face. Gallait has surpassed himself in this his greatest work. — *Literary Gazette*.

The Franklin Expedition from First to Last.
By Dr. King, M.D. Churchill.

Our readers are well acquainted with the position of Dr. King in reference to the Franklin search, as the one man whose unheeded foresight certain information has since completely justified. We claimed for him the due attention, when attention to him would have been of use; and we have since more than once spoken of the confirmation of his views. It is enough, therefore, now to say that he has just published the story of the Franklin Expedition from First to Last, or rather of the polemics connected with it, and that what he writes is, so far as concerns himself individually, very true, though we could almost wish that the little book had not been published. We dislike the tone in which it wrangles with the blunders of the Admiralty, and we regret that Dr. King should be found in it saying ungenerous things of Dr. Rae. The book is not in the true, calm, Arctic temper, and contains too little of the Arctic virtue of endurance. No doubt Dr. King's temper has been tried, but it was unwise to write a book while irritated.

The practical object of the volume, however, we have yet to state. On Montreal Island there is a caché established formerly by Dr. King, called the King Caché, the existence of which was known to Franklin. For what purpose, Dr. King asks, "did an officer and four men of the lost crew, as the Esquimaux said they did, cross over from Point Ogle to visit Montreal Island?" The iron coast of an inhospitable little island is the last place to which an Arctic traveller would resort for provisions. The visit must, therefore, have had some other object. We quote his opinion on this subject, and his consequent offer, lately addressed to the Secretary of the Admiralty, with the official answer.

"I think there can be no doubt that the leader, knowing of the existence of my Caché, and trusting that it would be searched ere long by friends from home, would strain every nerve, before he ceased to live, to deposit in this place of safety, not only the memorial of his visit, which he crossed from the mainland for the purpose of placing there, but also the history, which he would most unquestionably have carried with him, of the endurance and the sufferings of that devoted band, and of the heroic constancy with which the officers had sustained the flagging courage of their men, in the speedy hope of receiving that succor which, by a horrible fatality, had been directed to every point of the Polar Seas, except the precise spot on which they then stood. And the fact that no papers were found in the hands of the Esquimaux, is in itself a strong presumption that the records of the Expedition had been deposited in a place of safety before the death of our hapless countrymen.

"In the official report of the leader of the last searching party, my Caché is not mentioned, and, as he would scarcely have omitted to search it, or have forgotten to refer to it in his report, if he had been aware of its existence, I cannot but conclude that, by some further and unexplained misfortune, he started on his journey without being aware that Montreal Island contained any particular spot in which there would unquestionably be found some traces of the missing Expedition.

"From these facts, I can only draw the deduction that, in all human probability, a history of The Franklin Expedition still lies buried in my Caché, beneath the rocky shore of Montreal Island, and that it is within the bounds of possibility that this record may be recovered, and that the discoveries of the ill-fated Expedition may yet be published for the advancement of science, and the narrative of their probably unexampled sufferings be made known to the world. Under these circumstances, I feel assured that the people of England will not consent that the search for the missing Expedition shall rest in its present position. More than two millions sterling has already been squandered in expeditions, which have brought home no tidings of the lost navigators, beyond a few silver forks and other relics, and an apocryphal story, interpreted from the vague signs of the Esquimaux, too revolting in its details to be worthy of implicit belief.

"A further Land Journey down Great Fish River may be performed at a cost of about £1,000, and this Journey, if your Lordships will give me the command of a party, I offer, for the fifth time, to undertake, in the confident hope that I may yet, at the eleventh hour, be the means of recovering a record of the Expedition, the recital of whose sufferings will otherwise be buried in everlasting oblivion. — I have the honor to be, my Lords, &c.,

"RICHARD KING."

"Admiralty, 28th January, 1856.

"Sir,—Having laid before my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty your letter of the 21st inst., volunteering your services to command an Expedition by Land down the Great Fish River to Montreal Island, to search for traces of the fate of the late Sir John Franklin and Party, I am commanded by their Lordships to acquaint you that they do not think it advisable to undertake such an Expedition. — I am, &c.,

"THOS. PHINK.

"Dr. King, M.D."

Thus refused, wisely or unwisely, by Government, Dr. King wishes by this book to state his case and his suggestion to the country. We have little doubt that there are buried papers, if not in King Caché, on some other spot in the vicinity; but whether we shall search for papers now that we have no chance of saving men, and only the chance of losing men, to take into consideration, is a question to which one is not by any means prompted to reply yes. — *Examiner.*

Part of the Spectator's Review of *Gleanings after "Grand Tour"ists.*

SOUTHERN CLIMATE—TORTURE IN AUSTRIA.

SOUTHERN climate, from all that has been turning up for the last quarter of a century, seems the merest delusion possible. Either people have pronounced upon the subject from too short an experience, or the idea of its salubrity was put about by strong men, who, taken with the novelty of the clearness and brightness, jumped to the conclusion of geniality, which interested parties did their best to uphold. What effect a residence in the Canary or other Atlantic Islands, or in some of the Mediterranean provinces of Spain, might have in strengthening the constitution where consumption was apprehended, by enabling the patient to pass much of his time in the open air throughout the winter, may be worth a trial. To send a person laboring under disease to the South of France or Italy, seems a piece of useless cruelty; for not only is the climate more dangerous than that of England, but there is the want of English appliances, home comforts, and the presence of friends.

"Dear me! why do you take those things? are you not going to the *South of France*?" was a query directed to one warm greatcoat, and two cloaks ditto, which formed part of the equipment of my daughters and myself for our journey. 'The South of France' stands, to the imagination of some people, as an alias for the Torrid zone! and yet I do affirm, that in no season or climate did I ever experience more intense and piercing cold than in our transit to and through this Southern region, and this in the season which poets call 'spring.' In our day, the Lyons railway (now of course complete) ceased at Tonnerre; and, as we crossed the high grounds to Dijon, at night, and through deep-lying snow, we felt all the rigor of an Alpine winter transit. * * *

"However, we were soon over this range of high land; and, when we got to Châlons next morning, we found sunshine again, with little more than a hoar-frost on the ground. This was once more varied, as we approached Marseilles, by the *bise* wind which blew steadily off the Pyrenees, and sent us to our wrappings with renewed congratulations on our foresight in having brought them; and, when we arrived in that extremity of the vaunted 'South of France,' we found the inhabitants felicitating themselves upon a piercing wind, which was cutting us Northerners to the bone! because—'it would avert the mosquito plague for a month or six weeks longer.'

"This variableness and quick change of temperature seems to belong to every region of 'the sunny South': its sunniest day will close with a sharpness of cold most trying to a delicate

constitution. Woe betide the invalid who, tempted by a 'burning noon,' exposes himself without winter appliances to the sudden chill which comes, not with twilight, for there is none, but with the instantaneous darkness which follows sunset, with his pores open, and his poncho lying in the depths of his portmanteau! The chances are much in favor of his pulmonary delicacy becoming a pleuritic 'sickness unto death.' And then, as to hint aught against the salubrious South would be flat heresy, his case is pronounced one which 'must have been hopeless from the first, since the delicious climate of Italy proved of no avail.' Even at Nice, so freely prescribed in England as a great pulmonary hospital, a denizen assured me that I might look for a variation of as much as twenty degrees of the thermometer between the back and front rooms of the same house! At Naples, they told us of the deadly danger of remaining at a certain season in the vicinity of the Tuffa Rock behind our lodgings on the 'Chiatamone.' At Rome, they rate lodgings higher or lower as the sun does or does not shine on the side of the street at which you live; and everything everywhere bespeaks an inequality in the climate, of which invalids are as seldom aware as they ought to be specially forewarned."

The days of torture and the brutalized feelings it indicates are supposed to be past. Strange stories of doings in Italy within these few years throw a doubt upon that fact as regards Germans and Italians. A book, lately published anonymously by an Italian patriot, but with very respectable vouchers for his respectability, told some frightful tales of Austrian doings in Italy during the insurrection of 1848. Here is a story in which the Church and the Austrians are both implicated:

"The attributes of the priesthood are made inherent at ordination, but their *exercise* depends on the granting of 'faculties,' these being tantamount to the 'bishop's license' to officiate in his diocese. A tale of cruelty of the Revolution of 1848 reminds me that it might be more correct to say that the sacerdotal attributes are held to be *adherent* rather than *inherent*. Ugo Bassi, a Barnabite priest of Bologna, having joined the Milanese revolt, fell into the hands of the Austrians. Roman canon law holds the priesthood inviolate from the hands of the laity, and yet Ugo Bassi *must* die! But how? The Inquisition solved the difficulty—'they skinned the palms, forefingers, and thumbs of both hands,' and, pretending thus to have divested him of his sacred character, delivered him to the Austrians. He walked to the side of a prepared hole, and, lifting his eyes to heaven, said 'Viva Gesù! Viva l'Italia—' six balls silenced him, and he fell into his open grave!"

From Chambers' Journal.

DAME NODLEKINS' WORK-BOX.

Our relations, the gay, prosperous Passymounts, did not think it worth while to trouble themselves about an old spinster cousin of theirs and ours, generally known as Dame Nodlekens, though her visiting-cards designated their owner as "Miss Deborah S. M. Nodlekens." The Passymounts were aware of the fact, that our cousin's comfortable annuity was only a life one; and, therefore, it seemed highly improbable that Dame Nodlekens would have aught to bequeath on her decease, save personalities, which were of small comparative value, as she was a liberal almsgiver, and, in a moderate way, enjoyed every luxury. The garniture of Dame Nodlekens' house, indeed, was faded and antique; the spinet was cracked; the linen was well-darned; the plate scanty, and worn thin with use and furbishing; and the books, torn and dusty, might easily be counted on a couple of shelves. Dame Nodlekens had neither diamonds nor pearls, nor trinkets of any description; her days were passed in a dreamy state of tranquillity; stitching, stitching, stitching forever, with her beloved huge work-box at her elbow. *That* wanted no plensishing; *that* was abundantly fitted up with worsted, cotton, tape, buttons, bodkins, needles, and such a multiplicity of reels and balls, that to enumerate them would be a tedious task. Dame Nodlekens particularly excelled and prided herself on her darning; carpets, house-linen, stockings, all bore unimpeachable testimony to this branch of industry. Holes and thin places were hailed with delight by Dame Nodlekens; and it was whispered—but that might be a mere matter of scandal—that she even went so far as to cut holes in her best table-cloths, for the purpose of exercising her skill and ingenuity in repairing the fractures. Be that as it may, the work-box was as much a companion to her as dogs or cats to many other single ladies; she was lost without it; her conversation always turned on the subject of thread-papers and needle-cases; and never was darning-cotton more scientifically rolled into neat balls, than by the taper fingers of Dame Nodlekens.

The contents of that wonderful work-box would have furnished a small shop. As a child, I always regarded it with a species of awe and veneration; and, without daring

to lay a finger on the treasures it contained, my prying eyes greedily devoured its mysteries, when the raised edge revealed its mountains of cotton, and forests of pins and needles. And I have no doubt that Dame Nodlekens first regarded me with favor, in consequence of being asked by my mother to give me a lesson in darning—a most necessary accomplishment in our family, as I was the eldest of many brothers and sisters, and, though very happy among ourselves, the circumstances of our dear parents rendered the strictest industry and frugality absolutely indispensable in order to make "both ends meet." However, it was a wholesome, honest poverty, and we did not envy our gay relations, the Passymounts; though, as we all grew up, it was impossible on straitened means to educate us so completely as our fond father and mother would have aspired to do, had *they* possessed the ample means of these relatives. There were three Misses Passymount, and one Master Passymount; the young ladies cultivated various accomplishments, such as drawing, dancing, playing on the harp and piano, and talking, dressing, and flirting; but as to the one accomplishment—"the *one* accomplishment needful for women," as Dame Nodlekens called it—they, the dashing, rich Misses Passymount, knew nothing of it. Nay, Miss Laura Passymount blushed, and Miss Arabella, giggled, when Dame Nodlekens asked them if they could darn a stocking, and even offered to give them a lesson on hearing their disdainful confession of utter ignorance. "Our stockings do not require darning, cousin Nodlekens," said Miss Passymount, tossing her head; "we are not accustomed to the thing at all—we have been differently brought up;" and Miss Passymount looked to my mother and myself—for we were present at this conversation—as much as to say: "We leave darned stockings and table-cloths to such poor folks as you."

Dame Nodlekens took no notice of the rebuff, but went on with her work, and continued to scold me at intervals for idleness and skipping stitches; though, on the whole, she was proud of me as her pupil; and, between us, it is impossible to say how many pairs of stockings and socks we made whole in the course of the year. We resided near our cousin Deborah, and midway between her house and ours was the fine mansion in-

habited by the Passymounts; and many an evening when I was invited to take tea at Dame Nodlekens', and to bring my work-bag in my hand as a matter of course, and to sit with her for long hours without speaking, intent on our needles, the silence unbroken save by the ticking of the eight-day clock, I confess the sounds of music and the lighted rooms, as I passed by the Passymounts' house, filled my young heart with something like regret—not envy: no, I hope I never indulged *that*. The Passymounts did not ask any of us to their festive gatherings, save at rare intervals; and then we did not often go; for we were proud in our humble way, and had enough to do to procure stuff-frocks for the little ones, without spending money on finery for the Passymounts' parties. But I had danced there once or twice in a white muslin-frock, which my dear mother had ironed with her own hands, and Dame Nodlekens had delightedly darned, when I met with an accident running after the children; and I loved that dear old white muslin-frock ever since, and I have it now laid up in lavender, because I passed such happy bright evenings when I wore it; and I did not feel a bit that I looked shabby, when my partner, Harry Lloyd, picked up a fresh rose I had worn in my hair, and would not restore it to me, saying something very foolish, of course, as young men will do to foolish young girls who like to hear flattery. And when I went by the Passymounts' house, on my way to drink tea with Dame Nodlekens, and to sit poring over needle-work in silence, it was only natural, I think, to look up at their windows with a sigh; for I knew there would be dancing and merry-making within, and Harry Lloyd would be there. People said that Harry Lloyd was courting Arabella Passymount; but I knew that was false; because Harry had wished to marry *me*, and his father would not consent that his son should marry a portionless girl; and my father would not listen to Harry, but went off in such a rage as I never saw him in before, at the bare idea of his daughter entering any family unwished for—as, truth to tell, Harry had been silly enough to press me to marry him, without asking anybody's consent. Old Mr. Lloyd and my father were very civil to each other; but when Harry found that I would neither see him in private nor receive any of his letters, he chose to behave himself

like an injured person, and as if we had all deeply offended him. Yet I did not believe he was courting Miss Arabella Passymount, though I could fancy Harry dancing and laughing within, as, leaning on my father's arm, we walked homewards down the dark street, across which a ray of light gleamed, streaming from the windows of our rich but unkind relatives.

Harry's mother was a crony of Dame Nodlekens; so she, of course, knew all about the tale of true love never running smooth. But Miss Deborah, like a prudent spinster, made no comment. She had eschewed matrimony herself; but being naturally of a taciturn, uncommunicative temperament, no one knew whether it was from choice or necessity. Her work-box was to Dame Nodlekens as a dear friend; I do not believe she loved any human being so well—her whole heart was in it; and the attachment she evinced towards me as time progressed, was fostered and encouraged by our mutual zeal in performing tasks of needle-work. Not that I shared in *her* devotion; I was actuated by a sense of duty alone, and would far rather, could I have done so conscientiously, have been dancing and laughing with companions of my own age. But ply the needle I did, and so did Dame Nodlekens; and we two became, with the huge old work-box between us, quite a pair of loving friends; and at least two evenings in every week I went to sit with the lone woman. She would have had me do so *every* evening; but, though there were so many of us at home, our parents could not bear to spare any of us out of their sight oftener than they deemed indispensable.

At length Harry Lloyd came to say good-bye; he was going abroad at his father's wish. My parents shook hands kindly with him, and he said pleasant, affectionate words to all. But when he came to me—ah!—he did not speak; but I flung myself into my dear mother's arms, and wept, and I heard my father say: "God bless you!" and Harry was gone. So I went on darning stockings, and the Passymounts went on dancing, and Dame Nodlekens went on the even tenor of her way; until at length her summons came, and, after several warnings, she shut up her work-box, locked it, and put the key in a sealed packet. These preparations completed, Dame Nodlekens turned her face to the wall, and fell asleep.

My gentle mother had a heart so tender and benevolent, that although Dame Nodlekens and herself had had so few sympathies in common, she shed tears on hearing the closing scene was over; and I remember her turning to my father with a sigh, and saying: "Ah! she was a wonderfully industrious woman, and *such* a help to me in the darning-way. Poor old soul! I doubt not that she has left us all she had to leave; and every little is a windfall, with a large family to provide for."

But my dear mother for once had miscalculated, for Dame Nodlekens had *not* left us all she had to leave. To the surprise of the Passymounts, no less than to the surprise of ourselves, Miss Deborah's testamentary disposition of her property was as follows: To Miss Passymount, the cracked spinet was bequeathed, she being "musical" (so the will was worded); to Miss Laura, the books were left, she being "literary;" to Miss Arabella, the gimcracks, chimney-ornaments, and paper-screens, and so on, she being a "lover of art;" to Master Passymount, the only son of this rich aspiring family, Dame Nodlekens left the few ounces of silver denominated her plate, Master John being "thrifty;" to Mrs. Passymount was bequeathed the household linen, and to Mr. Passymount the household furniture, because "they had exhibited so fine a taste in adorning their own fine mansion;" to Ada Benwell—that was myself—the huge old work-box, along with all its contents, was left, "in token of the high esteem and affection with which she was regarded" by the deceased. I was to inherit the well-stored work-box, only on condition that it was to be daily used by me in preference to all others: "every ball of darning-cotton, as it diminishes, shall bring its blessing," said Dame Nodlekens; "for Ada Benwell is a good girl, and has darned more holes in the stockings of her little brothers and sisters than any other girl of her age. Therefore I particularly commend the balls of darning-cotton to her notice; and I particularly recommend her to use them up as soon as she can, and she will meet with her reward in due season."

"My poor Ada," sobbed my mother rather pettishly, "it is rather hard, I must confess, only to have a few balls of darning-cotton, and needles, and tapes; when the

Passymounts, who want nothing, and will turn up their noses at such trumpery as Dame Nodlekens could leave them, have all."

"But, my dear," interposed my father smiling, "if it is such trumpery, why covet it for our Ada?"

"It may bring one or two hundred pounds, Joseph," replied my mother meekly: "for there's furniture, and plate, and linen, and books, you know. And of course we should have sold everything off, which no doubt the Passymounts will do; and only think of the dame leaving Ada nothing but her work-box."

"But, mamma," I ventured to remark, "we must not forget that poor Miss Deborah placed more value on this work-box than on anything else she possessed in the world. And it is a great proof of her affection for me—and, besides, how very useful it will be—I shall love it, I am sure, quite as much as she did. And here is the key, all sealed up and directed to me."

"Well, well, my dear child, we must be content, of course. I am sure I do not wish to be grasping or covetous, or to foster such unworthy feelings in any of our dear children," replied my mother with an air of resignation; "and I am thankful that the poor old lady found comfort in your companionship, Ada, my dear, which she evidently did; and also that she does you justice, my dear child, by naming you so handsomely. But, deary me! how the Passymounts must laugh at their legacies! Only fancy Miss Passymount, with her brilliant harp and grand piano, turning to Dame Nodlekens' spinet, by way of change, being 'musical;' or Miss Laura quitting her silken-bound volumes, lettered in gold, for the torn, dusty, dirty books on the two shelves in the dame's dining-room; and then that riddled old linen for Mrs. Passymount—why, *they* have n't a darned duster in the house, I warrant."

"Never mind, my dear—never mind," said my father; "let them laugh—it's better than crying. Dame Nodlekens meant to be just—she was an honest, just-meaning woman—the Passymounts and ourselves are the only relatives she had, and she wished to leave us all alike, if possible, quite irrelevant of our circumstances. And, as Ada remarks, the work-box being left to her, proves the old lady loved her the best."

"Then she might have shown it," mur-

mured my mother, "by giving the silver, instead of darning-cotton."

But a mild reproving look from my father made the speaker blush, as she quickly came to his side, kissed him, and left the room. From that day, we never discussed the subject again of Dame Nodlekens' testamentary arrangements; the work-box was in constant requisition at my side, and the balls of darning-cotton rapidly diminished. The Passymounts made much fun, amongst themselves and their neighbors, about the grand legacies which had fallen to their share. Nothing was removed from Dame Nodlekens' house, but a well-attended sale cleared the premises speedily. Mrs. Passymount laughingly declared the proceeds had actually bought an India shawl for one of the girls, and a gold bracelet for another; and Master Passymount handed about a small gold snuff-box, "his share," he was wont to boast, "of the old girl's rubbish." I saw the brokers carrying away the tables and chairs which I knew so well, and which for so very many years had rested securely in Dame Nodlekens' peaceful house. I could not help sighing sadly as one relic after another was rudely flung into the street; and I rejoiced that the dear old work-box at least was safe in my keeping. Painters and paperers were soon busy in the dingy house; a new family became the tenants; and nothing was left to remind us of Dame Nodlekens, save the huge work-box. *That*, however, never was idle; and, as I have said, the balls of darning-cotton grew gradually smaller and smaller; until at length one day, as I was sitting beside my mother, busy with our needles, she remarked: "You have followed poor Dame Nodlekens' injunctions, my Ada. She particularly recommended you to use up the balls of darning-cotton as soon as possible; and look, there is one just done."

As my mother spoke, I unrolled a long needleful, and came to the end of that ball. A piece of paper fell to the ground, which had been the nucleus on which the ball was formed. I stooped to pick it up, and was just about throwing it into the fire, when it caught my mother's eye, and she stretched out her hand and seized it. In a moment, she unfolded it before our astonished gaze: it was a bank-note of £50!

"O, dear, misjudged Dame Nodlekens!" she exclaimed; "*this* is our Ada's reward in due season. It's just like her—kind, queer old soul!"

We were not long of using up all the other balls of darning-cotton in that marvellous work-box; and such a reward as I found for my industry sure never was met with before or since. Truly, it was a fairy box, and my needle the fairy's wand.

No less than ten £50 notes were thus brought to light; and my father laughingly declared I had wrought my own dower with my needle. No persuasions could induce him to appropriate the treasure; he said it was my "reward;" nor would he allow me to expend a farthing of it in the way I would best have loved—namely, in educating my little brothers and sisters, and adding to the frugal comforts of our dear home. The story of the treasure found in the work-box soon got noised abroad; and, among other curious visitors, old Mrs. Lloyd, Harry's mother, called to satisfy herself as to the truth of the report. She was very pleasant and gossiping; and soon afterwards, a formal but courteous invitation arrived—in which I was particularly included with my father and mother—to a dinner-party at the Lloyds', three weeks from the date of the note being the day specified for the feast. To my surprise, the invitation was quietly accepted by my parents; nor was my surprise much greater, on entering Mr. Lloyd's drawing-room, to see Harry there, looking well and supremely happy. A mist gathered over my eyes when Harry's father took my hand, and placed it in his son's. Ah, that was a bright dinner-party for us all! and in three months after, I became Harry's wife. The dear old work-box stands in our house, in a place of honor; and at festive seasons, when happy family reunions take place, never was work-box so much admired and caressed; and my own blooming children, and many nephews and nieces, gather round it, and tell their fairy tales, until I believe they almost expect some day to see a little old fairy in green, representing good old Dame Nodlekens herself, jump out when the lid is opened, with a darning-needle for a wand, and a ball of cotton for a stool.

From Chambers' Journal.

SCIENCE AND ARTS FOR MARCH.

MR. WHEATSTONE has solved the problem of a method of secret correspondence, easy of application and undiscoverable. He has invented and patented an instrument—the *Cryptograph*—by means of which any two persons may intercommunicate without fear of betrayal. It is so simple, that the writer, as he sits at the table, turns the barrel with a finger of his left hand, while recording the symbols with his right. These he may send to his correspondent, who, provided with a similar instrument, makes the necessary movements, and reads off the despatch. Or the symbols may be transmitted, as a telegraphic message, in full confidence that none but the receiver to whom it is addressed will get at the interpretation. No matter that it be intercepted by any one having a similar instrument: none but the two who have agreed beforehand on the key can find out what is meant. There are two or three forms of the instrument; and one is so contrived as to interpret its own signs at pleasure. We hear that the impossibility of detection by any third or unauthorized person is clearly demonstrable. So unhappy lovers may take heart once more, assured that Mr. Wheatstone's *cryptograph* will enable them to correspond by cipher-advertisements in the *Times* to their heart's content, and without fear of discovery from even the most lynx-eyed of guardians. The price of the instrument will be sufficiently moderate—in advertisers' phrase—to bring it within the reach of all who may wish to use it.

An "Abstract of an Investigation into Asphyxia," just published and presented to the Royal Humane Society by Dr. Marshall Hall, opens quite a new view of the way in which suffocation from drowning or other causes should be treated—a way, as experiments show, likely to become invaluable in the saving of life. He states that asphyxia is not so much caused by deprivation of oxygen, as by the retention of carbonic acid in the blood; and that, as respiration is the only mode by which this deadly acid can be eliminated, all other means of reanimation are secondary to that which renews the act of breathing. How often does it happen that a drowned person cannot be resuscitated, owing to the failure of the means adopted for inducing respiration! The reason why, as Dr. M. Hall shows, is to be found in mistaken treatment. The patient is laid on his back, in which position it is impossible that he should breathe at all, as "the tongue falls backwards, carries with it the epiglottis, and closes the glottis or entrance into the windpipe and air-passages." Fluids and

mucus also remain lodged in the throat. The remedy is, to reverse the position—prone instead of supine—on the belly instead of on the back. "In this position"—we quote the doctor's words—"the tongue falls forwards, draws with it the epiglottis, and leaves the glottis open. The tongue may even be drawn forwards. All fluids will flow from the fauces and mouth." "In order that the face may not come into contact with the ground, the patient's hands and arms are to be carried upwards, and placed under the forehead." "It will now be perceived that the thorax and abdomen will be pressed by a force equal to the weight of the body. This pressure will induce expiration. And, if necessary, additional pressure may be made on the posterior part of the thorax and abdomen. This will induce slight additional expiration." "This latter pressure may then be removed. Its removal will be followed by slight inspiration. The weight of the body is then to be raised from the thorax and abdomen. This may be done in various ways: First the body may be gently turned on its side by an assistant placing one hand under the shoulder, and the other under the hip on the opposite side. This will remove in great part the weight of the body from the thorax and abdomen, and allow all but one side of the thorax to expand. In this manner, a fair degree of inspiration is induced. And thus, without instruments of any kind, and with the hands alone, if not too late, we accomplish that respiration which is the sole effective means of the elimination of the blood-poison." It appears that a really dead body may be made to breathe by placing it in the prone position; and that turning it on the left side, not beyond the quarter circle, induces violent inspiration. Pronation and partial rotation are, therefore, the means to be borne in mind. To attempt to restore warmth, especially by the warm-bath, before breathing is restored, is condemned as highly prejudicial. It has been forbidden in France. Dr. Hall is well known for his discoveries and researches in the phenomena of the nervous system; and he treats the present question in connection with those phenomena, and publishes the results as the first portion of an investigation of the whole subject.

The Electric Telegraph Company flashed 26,430 messages in the last six months of 1855, and have paid a dividend of 7 per cent., which looks like business. The Queen's speech—701 words—was sent to Amsterdam by Varley's apparatus, and printed, in twenty minutes and a half, the total length of wire and submarine cable being 107 leagues. The clerk was a girl of eighteen, and she transmitted nearly thirty-five words

a minute—the quickest despatch yet recorded of the instrument. Two words had to be corrected by interchange of signals, and all within the time specified. The same telegraph extends to Hamburg, Memel, Berlin, and Dantzig, and messages are printed at pleasure at any of the stations. The French are about to make trial of Signor Tremeschini's "telegraphic controller," which may be either used to print with or without the needles, similarly to Varley's, as it is said to be the cheapest yet invented, and has a contrivance for indicating errors in the despatches. Bonelli's method of signaling from one train, or between two trains, while in motion, has been tried on the Paris and St. Cloud Railway, and successfully. Parties in the respective trains talked by telegraph with each other while speeding along, or with the office. The communication is kept up by a bar laid midway between the rails.—Faraday has given his lecture at the Royal Institution, still on his favorite subject, magnetism, showing how crystals behave between the poles of a magnet; how certain substances which point one way in the air, point exactly the reverse way when suspended in a weak solution of iron; and how the phenomena, generally, are affected by heat—a profound subject scarcely to be popularized. Nothing but the most persevering and careful experimental research, said the lecturer, will lead to satisfactory results.—Professor William Thomson, of Glasgow, has likewise lectured at the Royal Institution on that singularly interesting question—the conversion of heat into motive-power, involving the conversion of motive-power into heat. It is one of those subjects of inquiry that fascinate some philosophers, seeing that it appears to occupy ground on either side of the line, where organic and inorganic nature meet. Its investigation is fraught with important consequences.—Father Secchi, of the observatory at Rome, finds clearer proof than ever that the magnet is affected by weather-changes, independently of what is described as magnetic influence, and that there is a real connection between magnetism and the aurora.

A paper on "Recent Improvements in Carpet Manufacture, their Use and Abuse," read before the Society of Arts by Mr. Whytock, shows how many important considerations are involved in the production of a "common thing." After a sketch of the history of carpets, the author described the processes of weaving and formation of pattern, and showed that, while possessing all the appliances necessary for excellence, English manufacturers pursue a "system of deterioration," mainly through "circumstances of evil economy;" and he protested against

another form of evil—that "occult science of thieving," by which an enlightened manufacturer is deprived of the fruits of his ingenuity by poaching traders, who recognize no property in improvements. Herein is true art sacrificed, and worthless textures of base design are poured into the market.

A new process for extracting gold has been tried by the Colonial Gold Company, at their works in the east of London. They melt the quartz containing the gold in furnaces; the precious metal falls to the bottom, and is separated in a mass, and the molten rock, when cast in moulds, is said to be useful for building purposes.

A hydraulic railway has been tried near Turin. The rails are laid by the side of a swift canal in which the paddle-wheel of the locomotive rotates, and so draws the train up an incline. The inventor thinks it would answer for the passage of Mont Cenis.—The Sardinian government talk of piercing a tunnel through Mount St. Bernard, to establish a connection with the railways of Switzerland; and the Greeks are actually making a railway from Athens to the Piræus!—Signor Angius, of Turin, has presented a book, *L'Automa Aërio*, to some of our scientific societies, in which he believes he has solved the problem of controlling the movement of balloons. Heated air to be the motive-power: the car of metal, aluminum to be chosen because of its strength and lightness. He looks forward confidently to the time when voyages by air will be as common as by sea. We may add that his work has the sanction of the Sardinian official Gazette.

The last report of the United States Coast Survey contains a description of Mr. G. Mathiot's "self-sustaining voltaic-battery," which has been employed with highly satisfactory results in operations connected with the survey. The self-sustaining power consists in having "a quantity of material in store ready for action just when required." And this is accomplished by attaching a bar of lead to the platinized conducting-plate, the introduction of mercury, to maintain the amalgam of the zinc-plates, and certain other combinations not easy to describe within the compass of a paragraph; and the battery is placed in a box, as nearly as possible airtight, to check evaporation. It has the merit of simplicity, and avoiding the delays and inconveniences that sometimes happen with other forms of battery. Mr. Mathiot considers that he has materially aided towards the establishment of a sub-Atlantic telegraph, as his battery is constructed with such regard to the principles of electro-chemistry that it will continue in action for almost any length of time. "Supposing," he says,

"the current to be on about seven hours per day, then one pound of zinc will supply all the electricity used in 1000 days, or say three years of business-days. From this it will appear that my idea of a battery to serve 100 years is, at least, not so extravagant as to be without some show of probability. In May last, I charged six cells, which were put in a box in the upper laboratory, to be used in the experiments on photographic engraving; and this battery has since been in almost daily use for gilding deep-sea thermometers, or other instruments, or else in the experiments. During the six months which have elapsed, it has been used probably 2000 times, its current never failing, always ready on establishing the circuit."

A fossilized jaw has been discovered in Indiana, which Agassiz describes as of a kind heretofore unknown, of peculiar structure, belonging to an extraordinary family of sharks, allied to the sword-fish. He regards the discovery "as of as great importance almost, in fossil ichthyology, as was that of the ichthyosaurus and plesiosaurus in fossil erpetology."—A new species of fossil-footmarks has been found in the Connecticut Valley, made by an animal not less extraordinary than the newly discovered shark. Professor Hitchcock calls it the *Giganbipus*

caudatus—the tailed giant biped. The length of the footmark is sixteen inches, and the distance between the steps thirty-nine or forty inches; and the furrow made by the tail is distinct and unbroken.

In 1849, the United States government sent a naval astronomical expedition to Chili. The results have just been published in two quarto volumes, one of which contains an account of the country, its geography, climate, social condition, resources, &c., conveying a large amount of trustworthy information. Those who wish to speculate in the gold and other mineral deposits of Chili, may now ascertain beforehand what they have to expect. Copies of this work have been presented by the Smithsonian Institution at Washington to many of our savans and scientific societies.

There is something suggestive, as regards science and art, as well as social progress, in the published accounts of post-office revenue for 1855: England, £3,000,000; France, £1,875,000; the United States, £1,464,425. And not less so in the fact, that in the State of New York alone more than a million dollars have been voted for free education for the present year, a fourth of the sum being for evening-schools—a noteworthy incident in the annals of *voluntary taxation*.

LEICESTERSHIRE EPITAPHS.—Having seen only one epitaph from this county among those which have appeared in "N. & Q.," I annex a few specimens, which you may perhaps deem worth inserting in your pages.

Burbage:

"These pretty babes, who we did love,
Departed from us like a dove;
These babes, who we did much adore,
Is gone, and cannot come no more."

Hinckley:

"My days on earth they were but few,
With fever draughts and cordial few,
They wasted like the morning dew."

Braunstone:

"All triumph yesterday, to-day all terror!
Nay, the fair morning overcast ere even:
Nay, one short hour saw well and dead, War's mirror

Having Death's swift stroke unperceived given."

Another:

"An honest, prudent wife was she;
And was always inclin'd
A tender mother for to be,
And to her neighbors kind."

Belgrave. This I quote from memory; it may not be verbally, but it is substantially correct:

"Laurance Stetly slumbers here;
He lived on earth near forty year;

October's eight-and-twentieth day
His soul forsook its house of clay,
And thro' the pure ether took its way.
We hope his soul doth rest in heaven.
1777."

Newtown Linford, adjoining Bradgate Park. In this churchyard is a tombstone on which is engraved only the letters of the alphabet and the simple numerals. The story goes, that he who lies below, an illiterate inhabitant of the village in the last century, whose name, I believe, is now forgotten, being very anxious that, after death, a tombstone should be erected to perpetuate his memory, and being fearful that his relatives might neglect to do so, came to Leicester to purchase one himself. Seeing this stone in the mason's workshop (where it was used by the workmen as a pattern for the letters and figures), he bought it "a bargain," supposing it would serve his purpose as well as a new one, and after his decease it was placed at the head of his grave, where it now appears.

All Saints' churchyard, Leicester. On two children of John Bracebridge, who were both named John, and died infants:

"Both John and John soon lost their lives,
And yet, by God, John still survives."

Throsby (*Hist. of Leic.*) relates that Bishop Thurlow, at one of his visitations, had the words by God altered to thro' God.—*Notes and Queries.*

Clara; or, Slave Life in Europe. With a Preface by Sir Archibald Alison, Bart. 3 vols. Bentley.

This novel is a free translation of a work which possesses unusual popularity in Germany—the “*Europäische Sklavenleben*” of Haklander. In a brief recommendatory preface, Sir Archibald Alison introduces the book, and bears his testimony to the ability of the translator, and to the skill displayed by her in adapting the original to English readers. “While the authoress,” he says, “has preserved the spirit of the dialogue and the brilliancy of the descriptions in the original, her taste and refinement have softened down or excluded whatever in her translation might diminish the pleasure which the most fastidious must derive from its perusal.” Of the work itself, and its author, Sir Archibald Alison has given the following account in the fifth volume of his new series of the “*History of Europe*.”

“M. Haklander unites in himself several of the most striking qualities of our greatest contemporary novelists. In graphic description of character in all the grades of society, and occasional pathetic power, he recalls Dickens; in the evolving of the story, when to all appearances hopelessly involved, he resembles Bulwer. His most celebrated work, the “*Europäische Sklavenleben*,” is intended to exhibit a picture of all the stages of society, from the cellars through the *entresol* and the saloon to the garret, in order to prove that all classes have their own fetters, that the conventional chains of civilized life are even more galling than the rude fetters of the African, and that many a white slave would have something to envy in the lot of Uncle Tom. It is to be feared there is too much truth in this view of the effects of civilization; and in working it out, Haklander has evinced great dramatic power, and a thorough acquaintance with all the gradations of German society. His picture of the ballet-dancers and their fearful subjection to the caprices of the public; of the ardent and impassioned baron; of the restraints, dulness, and etiquette of the grand ducal courts, and of the licentious life of the robbers, cannot be excused in fidelity and force of drawing. The

reputation and success of his work on the Continent has been unprecedented, and rivals that of Bulwer, Dickens, or Disraeli in this country, or Cooper in America.”

We are not disposed here to dispute this estimate of M. Haklander's powers as a writer of fiction, though it is certainly somewhat exaggerated. To our taste the work praised so highly is a little tedious, from the diffuseness of its style and the elaborate minuteness of its details. Nevertheless its interest is far superior to that of ordinary English tales, both from the comparative novelty of the scenes and characters, and the clearness and vivacity with which they are described. Considered as a literary work, and as a representation of modern life and manners on the Continent, it deserves the high place it has attained; but we must protest against the general spirit of the story, and the special moral which is indicated both in its title, and in the recommendatory notice of Sir Archibald Alison. The supporters of slavery in the United States and elsewhere, keenly feeling the expression of public opinion in Western Europe, have of late sought to justify themselves by setting off the social evils of the old world against those of their “peculiar institution.” Viewing man as a mere animal, with wants to be supplied, and even pleasures to be gratified, much may certainly be said in favor of the condition of the negro slaves as contrasted with the children of toil in free countries. But the same might be said in regard to the dumb animals, the horses and dogs of many a rich man faring better and being better provided for than the poor of the neighborhood. To cite the unavoidable social evils of an old and densely peopled country, and still more the self-imposed bonds of artificial life, as an extenuation of the crimes of slavery, is unworthy of any author belonging to a land of freedom. We are glad that this book is not the production of English literature. — *Literary Gazette*.

FRIAR BACON'S STUDY.—The following lines, found among Upcott's MSS., were written on the intended demolition of Friar Bacon's study, April 6, 1779:

“Roger! if with thy magic glasses
Running, thou see'st below what passes,
As when on earth thou didst descry
With them the wonders of the sky—
Look down on these devoted walls!
O! save them—ere thy study falls!

Or to thy votaries quick impart
The secret of thy mystic art:
Teach us, ere learning's quite forsaken,
To honor thee, and—save our BACON!”

PRIOR'S EPITAPH ON HIMSELF.

“Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,
The son of Adam and of Eve;
Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher?”

From The Eclectic Review.

MOSES AND MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

1. *Bryologia Britannica; containing the Mosses of Great Britain and Ireland, systematically arranged and described, according to the method of Bruch and Schimper, with illustrative Plates; being a new (third) edition, with many additions and alterations, of the Muscologia Britannica of Messrs. Hooker and Taylor.* By Wm. Wilson. London: Longmans. 1855.
2. *A Popular History of British Mosses, comprising a general account of their structure, fructification, arrangement, and general distribution.* By Robert M. Stark. London: Reeve. 1854.
3. *Twenty Lessons on British Mosses; or, First Steps to a Knowledge of that Beautiful Tribe of Plants.* By William Gardiner, A.L.S. First and Second Series. London: Longmans. 1846 and 1849.
4. *The Musci and Hepaticæ found within twenty miles of Liverpool and Southport.* By Frederick P. Marratt. Liverpool: Greenwood. 1855.
5. *Musci Fifenses: Specimens of the Mosses of Fifeshire.* By Charles Howie. London: Pamplin. 1855.
6. *Bryologia Europæa; seu Genera Muscorum Europæorum Monographice illustrata.* Auctoribus Ph. Bruch, W. Ph. Schimper, et Th. Gûmbel. Editore W. Ph. Schimper. Stuttgart. 1846-55. 6 vols., quarto.
7. *Synopsis Muscorum Frondosorum omnium hucusque cognitorum.* Auctore Dr. Carolus Müller. Berlin. 1849.
8. *Rapport sur un Mémoire pour servir à l'histoire naturelle des Sphaignes.* Par W. P. Schimper. (Commissaires, MM. Brongniart, Tulasne, Montagne, rapporteur.) *Annales des Sciences Naturelles*, 4th series, vol. I. 1854.

Or late years botany has risen to a high place in the ranks of science, and has, at the same time, greatly increased in favor as a branch of popular knowledge. On the one hand, it has gained the sympathies of the public by greatly extending its objects of inquiry, by showing its application to the purposes of industry and commerce, and by bringing its literature into an attractive and intelligible form; while, on the other hand, it exhibits strong claims to the attention of the philosopher, by showing its great aim to be the development of a real "philosophy of plants." Botany has, in fact, identified itself with some of the great philosophical questions of the day, and the results which it is now unfolding under the penetrating eye of the histologist, will have important

bearings on their solution. In all ages, and in all schools of philosophy, the question, "What is life?" has, in one form or another, proved most interesting and productive in its results; but, as a philosophical question, has invariably receded beyond the verge of advancing truth. It has now become, to a certain extent, a botanical question. Life is not a thing we can see or feel; we learn of it from its manifestations. To understand the complex, we must first know the simple. The complication of phenomena in the higher organism, leads us back to the lower as that in which its index may be read; and, as we are led back, step by step, from man to the lowest of the lower animals, gaining knowledge as we recede, not only of their relations to each other, but of the grand unity of plan and purpose which they demonstrate,—we are in like manner led from the animal to the vegetable kingdom. Here we arrive, ultimately, at the very verge of organization; we view life in its very simplest manifestations, in its most transparent media; we can even trace the early (we cannot as yet say *earliest*) union of inorganic particles into an organism endowed with the mysterious principle of life. But, alas, how little do we know! we look, and wonder, and look again; we fancy we see the very shadow of life itself, but the subtle thing eludes our grasp. The importance of botanical histology is also shown in its applications to economic questions, to the production of food, the checking of adulterations in commerce, as well as in its bearings on medical police. These practical applications of botany are only of recent origin, and are entirely due to the microscope, which has done so much service in giving to botany its present high standing.

The position of botany, and its high aims in philosophy and in the arts of life, which we have curtly indicated, have secured for it a great accession of students of late years. Although officially recognized only in the medical curriculum of our universities, there is a daily increasing recognition of its importance as a subject of general education. So long, indeed, as the facts of science are brought to bear upon questions that concern man's eternal welfare, it is the duty of the theological student to acquaint himself with them; and, so long as the Liverpool merchant shall buy his sago under the microscope, so long will the importance of botany be recognized in common life. Considering the present position of botany, it becomes a matter of importance to ascertain the precise value of the claims of the different branches of a subject, whose comprehensive character must ever limit the effectual study of details to one or two departments. We, therefore, purpose on this occasion to bring shortly

forward the pretensions and capabilities of Muscology, a subject which has recently been highly commended to the botanical student, if we may judge from the increasing extent of its literature.

Mosses are minute plants, not generally more than a few inches in height, bearing leaves, and producing, at certain seasons, bright colored fruit, containing the spores or seeds. These plants are generally distributed, but are most abundant in moist, shady localities, growing most luxuriantly on the shady sides of rocks, and trees, and wet banks. They present great variety in their *habit*, arising principally from the diversity of their mode of branching, the varying length of stem in different species, and its direction of growth, and the mode in which the leaves and capsules are disposed. Some have scarcely any evident stem, consisting merely of a rosette of leaves, from the centre of which the fruit-stalk arises, surmounted by its tiny fruit; others have longer stems, which, branching out in all directions from the base, form little button-like cushions on the bare stone walls and rocks; some, again, form tall, bristly, upright, unbranched stems, clothed with leaves, while others ramify in all directions into loose attenuated branches, which creep through the surrounding herbage.

In regard to their local distribution, again, there is considerable variety, arising not so much from their choice of particular localities, as from their mode of development. Some are hermits, growing like *Buxbaumia* (meet emblem of the "modest Buxbaum!") singly, and apart from others of their own species; but most of them join in the social predilections of other cryptogamia.

The mosses are associated in our minds with fresh verdure, but they are not all of a green color. The foliage of some kinds* are of a delicate white; others are of a golden hue,† and many of a deep brown, approaching to black—black indeed, to the naked eye, and only resolved into a paler hue under the powers of a microscope.

Although minute investigations of these humble plants belong almost to our own time, it is not to be imagined that the beauty and variety displayed in them, was not early perceived by the general admirer of nature. We have, indeed, record of an early appreciation of their interest even apart from the supposition of Hasselquist that the "Hysop" known of old to Solomon, the wise king of Israel, was a minute moss, which still grows on the walls of Jerusalem. Numerous, indeed, are the instances of interest excited in these lowly plants, independent of their scientific investigation, no one of which is more remarkable than the well-

* *Sphagnum*.

† *Hypnum*, &c.

remembered incident of Mungo Park, in the African desert, whose life was preserved by the faith inspired in his mind by the beauty of a little moss. Plundered by banditti, worn out with fatigue, and surrounded with all the horrors of the desert, his courage failed him, and he sat down to rest his wearied limbs and ponder on his destitute condition. "At this moment," says he, "painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss irresistibly caught my eye; and, though the whole plant was not larger than the tip of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of the roots, leaves, &c., without admiration. Can that Being (I thought) who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, a thing of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after His own image? Surely not! Reflections such as these would not allow me to despair; I started up, and, disregarding both hunger and fatigue, travelled forwards, assured that relief was at hand; and I was not disappointed."

There is, indeed, much to admire in the beautiful structure of the humble moss; and there is, perhaps, nothing that can excite more interest in a rural walk by hedgerows and moss-grown walls, than the observation of these little fairy plants, for

"The lowliest thing

Some lesson of love to the mind can bring."

And if we stray into a wood, or by a "streamlet's marge,"

"What forests tall of tiniest moss

Clothe every little stone!

What pigmy oaks their foliage toss

O'er pigmy valleys lone!

With shade o'er shade, from ledge to ledge,

Ambitious of the sky,

They feather o'er the steepest edge

Of mountains mushroom high."

And mosses themselves arouse a thousand reminiscences of mountains and mountain scenery to those who have made a knowledge of them the ambition of their lives; not of "mushroom mountains," indeed, but of those giants whose snow-capped summits mingle with the clouds; for the

"Mosses cool and wet"

have a congenial home in mountain streams and amid melting snows. Mosses are found in all parts of the world. They are present even in the warmest latitudes, and appear to have a wider geographical distribution than any family of plants of higher organization. The beautiful *Octoblepharum album* is said to invest the stems of cocoa-nut and other tropical palms in the hottest parts of the

torrid zone. "Others of still more uncommon occurrence are gathered on the burning sands of the deserts in the interior of Southern Africa," while many flourish on northern mountains above the snow line, wherever a bare rock projects through the fields of everlasting snow. And this extensive distribution does not belong to the order of Mosses alone; some individual species occur over the whole world, flourishing equally well in the arid deserts of Africa, the cold glens of Scotland, and the lofty peaks of the Andes. Such is the case with *Funaria hygrometrica*, a species common on wayside walls; so also, in regard to the "Mungo Park Moss," *Fissidens bryioides* (it was a shame to give the appropriate name of *exilis* to another species), the very same moss which cheered the African traveller in the desert is pointed out to our own children on shady banks in the green lanes of their northern land, while they sit, book in hand, reading the touching story.

Like most of the lower flowerless plants, however, the mosses reach their maximum of development in cold regions; their simple organization enabling their development to proceed under conditions which render the production of many of the higher plants impossible. Accordingly we find that the mosses increase in number of species as we proceed from the equator towards the poles, so much so, indeed, that within the polar circle, mosses and lichens are almost the only vegetable productions. In Spitzbergen, Martins found "the rocks of schistus, rising out of the mass of everlasting ice, thickly clothed with mosses."

Britain, especially Scotland, lies within the latitudes in which mosses, perhaps, reach their maximum of species, and the insular moist climate, as well as the physical features of the country, conspire to increase our native riches in these plants. In Britain a larger number of species is found than in any country in the world of the same extent of surface.

Their choice of *habitats* is a curious subject of investigation, which the collector finds of great practical importance, as well as of scientific interest. Many species grow exclusively on rocks and trees, some preferring particular kinds; and it is probable that in a few cases the attached root of the plant serves as little more than an organ of attachment, nourishment being chiefly derived from the atmosphere. This is well known to be the fact in regard to many sea-weeds, but it is probable that most of those mosses which grow upon rocks and stones do obtain nutritive materials from these as a soil, in the same manner as lichens, and, like them, serve the important end of disintegrating the rocks, and thus forming a soil for higher plants. We are

told in the "Muscologia Britannica," that one curious little moss is found only on the perpendicular faces of the pure white chalk pits that abound so much in Kent and Sussex. "Some are confined to granite, some to calcareous rocks; one species, the *Funaria hygrometrica*, a moss that grows in all parts of the world, is almost sure to spring up where anything has been burned upon the ground, and particularly where charcoal has been made; whence its French, name, *la charbonniere*."

It is on the mountains of Scotland that the mosses are to be seen in all their glory; and no pursuit is better fitted than muscology for bringing before the admirer of scenery the wildest landscapes that the Highlands afford. Deer-stalking, shooting, fishing, all lead the sportsman into the lone glens, over the wide expanse of mountain heath, and along the margin of the valley stream; but the botanist, and especially the muscologist, has a wider range; he seeks the veriest solitudes of nature, finds a sure footing on the wild cliffs fearful to look upon, where even the wild deer never roam, and finds himself in the midst of those alpine treasures which nestle in the bald corries, scooped out of the mountain summit (as the poet hath it) by the "Spirit of the Storm." A mountain stream is the muscologist's delight; he spies it afar off. It may be in reality a mere tiny rivulet creeping down from rock to rock; the distance of many miles dwindles it into the merest streak of silvery brightness, reaching from the cloud-capped summit to the vale below; but, insignificant as it is, that glorious twinkling thread, hanging, as it were, between heaven and earth, lights up the gloomy mountain-side, whose summit is lost in the hazy clouds. Delighted will the botanist wander for hours over heath and through morass, his eye glistening bright as the distant streamlet, at the prospect before him, for he knows that those cool waters, derived from the "frigid eyes" of the mountain summit, which

"Eternal weep

In summer suns and autumn rain,"

give congenial refreshment to those interesting boreal plants which in our latitude only find appropriate conditions where constant humidity and intense severity of temperature are combined. And no sooner does he reach the stream, even at its least interesting part, where it joins the wider stream of the plain below, than a rich harvest of alpine flowers and mosses engage his eye; all along the rugged banks which have been formed by this impetuous streamlet, a galaxy of beauties present themselves, and, as he ascends, their rarity and interest increase. The little

mountain saxifrage hangs over the rocks in rich festoons of purple flowers, while her starry sister is bathing in the crystal waters. Overhanging rocks are "with bright green mosses clad," whose brilliant capsules lighten up even to greater brightness their refreshing verdure. *Bartramia's* round tufts cluster into dripping crevices; *Distichium*, with its delicate foliage of mellow hue, clothes the earthy banks and shelving rocks with a green carpet too fine even for the light-footed fairies; while *Hymnum Crista-Castrensis* gilds up the drier knolls with its golden ostrich plumes; a colony of *Encalyptas*, each with its huge fringed nightcap, is suggestive (to one who has been reading "Glen Avin," and fancying "the fahm glide o'er the fell," and "the fairies dancing in the dell") of a troop of the little people fast asleep after their moonlight revel; while a bank of ripe cloud-berries, as we reach the mountain-top, brings us back to the regions of reality, and reminds us of corporeal wants—wants, indeed, which the mountain breeze, the low temperature, and the rough exercise conspire to increase to an amazing extent. But what now is the aspect of nature on the mountain summit? Not, indeed, such, probably, as one unacquainted with Scotch mountains would expect on getting to the top of a mountain; not a fine view of the country at your feet and all around, as if the spectator were on the top of a sugar loaf; but a wide expanse of mountain waste, seemingly hemmed in with higher mountains still on every side. Such is generally the case on the great mountains of Scotland.

"Hills rise on hills, and valleys lie between;" and even those valleys are often as wild and barren as the bald hills themselves. There is great truth and true sublimity in Hogg's picture of the Scotch mountain, Ben-mac-Dhu, which no one can appreciate who has not felt the influences inseparable from scenery of such indescribable grandeur, and its power in nursing superstition:

"Beyond the grizzly cliffs, which guard
The infant rills of Highland Dee,
Where hunter's horn was never heard,
Nor bugle of the forest bee,

"Mid wastes that dorn and dreary lie,
One mountain rears his mighty form,
Disturbs the moon in passing by,
And smiles above the thunder-storm.

"There Avin spreads her ample deep,
To mirror cliffs that brush the Wain;
Whose frigid eyes eternal weep,
In summer suns and autumn rain.

"There matin hymn was never sung;
Nor vesper, save the plover's wail;

But mountain eagles breed their young,
And aerial spirits ride the gale."

That mountain's "mighty form," and Loch Avin's "ample deep," we know full well; we have enjoyed their impressive grandeur in sunshine and shower,—in that twilight sunshine which at mid-day breaks through the murky sky of those alpine regions, and in showers of rain and sleet, such as are only seen and felt on alpine summits. Driven from the top of the emphatically "Black Mountain" by the tempest's fury, we have sought shelter for the night beneath one of those huge fragments of rock, whose abundance speaks so eloquently of the war of elements; have boiled our kettle, à la gipsy, on a fire of heather and mountain juniper in the midst of the rain; and, after thus spending a night of day-dream, half awake, half asleep, with "the sprite of Avin Glen," have we risen from our cold bed of freezing soil, briefly done our toilet in the "greenland wave" of a streamlet fed by the snow wreaths,

"That mock the blazing summer sun,"

and climbed the bald brows of old Cairngorm, as they were feebly tinged with the hues of morning. Enconced beneath our shelter-stone, which was indeed a great rock in a weary land, Loch Avin lay at our feet, and the truthfulness of Hogg's simple description we can amply testify. "There are many scenes," says he, "among the Grampian deserts which amaze the traveller who ventures to explore them; and in the most pathless wastes, the most striking landscapes are often concealed. Glen Avin exceeds them all in stern and solemn grandeur. It is, indeed, a sublime solitude—such a scene as man has rarely looked upon."

It is the study of botany, and of botany alone, that brings the student in contact with scenery of such grandeur, and if mosses are in view, he is all the more likely to be led amid such solitudes. He wanders over the lone wastes, finding beauty in barrenness, tiny plants which scarcely tinge the rock with hues of verdure, many of them indeed, as the black *Andreas*, which only tend to give it a more lifeless hue:

"There, to charm the eye,
A host of hidden treasures lie,
A microscopic world, that tells
That not alone in trees and flowers
The spirit bright of beauty dwells,—
That not alone in lofty bowers
The mighty hand of God is seen,—
But more triumphant still in things
Men count as mean."

In Scotland, as in Scandinavia, one may wander for days over those savage table-

lands or mountain-tops without encountering a single glimpse of lowland, or the slightest indication of human existence, — the monotony being indeed occasionally broken by

"A lowly vale, but yet uplifted high
Among the mountains."

Under such circumstances, when the tired traveller does reach the edge of a slope on the outskirts of the mountains, the most pleasurable sensations are felt, on the first view thus afforded of the fertile valley, with its winding river and corn fields, smoking cottages and bellowing kine. It is, in fact, an emergence from death into life, — an exchange of the mountain desert, of overawing sublimity and perpetual gloom, cheerless to the eye, freezing to the sympathies, deadening to the mind, for the happy indications of civilization, of bright skies, of reunion with mankind.

Although mosses grow in the wildest and most uncultivated places, and usually prefer the most barren peaty soils — those indeed which are incapable of supporting a higher race of plants — still we find the same species of mosses require an abundant supply of nitrogen and other elements obtainable only in rich soils, while a certain number also associate themselves with cultivation, and, like the nettle and chickweed, follow man's migrations over the world. Several species of a genus of mountain mosses (*Splachnum*) prefer bones as the source of their food, occasionally, however, occurring on other animal remains. One of these (*S. mnioides*) we have seen flourishing on a sheep's jaw-bone on Loch-na-gair, another (*S. angustatum*) on a rabbit's incisor tooth on Ben-much-Dhu, while other species abound only on cow dung. "Some mosses," say Hooker and Taylor (Preface to "*Muscologia Britannica*"), "are never found but upon the dung of animals, of oxen, and particularly of foxes; this is the case with most of the species of the genus *Splachnum*. One of these, the *S. angustatum*, which is commonly met with upon dung, we once saw growing vigorously upon the foot of an old stocking near the summit of Ingleborough, Yorkshire; the same species was found by a friend of ours, covering the half-decayed hat of a traveller who had perished on the mountain of St. Bernard, in Switzerland; and the same, if we mistake not, was discovered by Captain Parry in Melville Island vegetating in the bleached skull of a musk ox." Old stag's horns are well known to form an appropriate soil for these plants.

Of what utility are mosses? what are their relations to the interests of man? do they afford materials in the arts of life? or are they otherwise of practical utility? These are interesting points in the history of mosses

— questions which are of more general, if of less scientific, moment, than the number of a mosse's teeth or the breadth of its jaw; for, as Dr. Lindley observes: "An uninitiated person, reading the definition of a genus of urn mosses, might suppose that to be the tribe in which an approach to the animal creation most nearly takes place. Unacquainted with the exact meaning of the Latin words employed by bryologists, he might understand by the peristomium, a jaw, by the calyptra, a nightcap, and by the struma, a kind of goitre; and when he saw that teeth belonged to this jaw, he would naturally conclude that it was really a vegetable-animal of which he was reading." It is quite true that botany is much disfigured by terms borrowed from the animal kingdom; but there appears to be no special reason for singling out Muscology as faulty in this respect; in writing the above remark, the author did not perhaps recollect that his own favorite order, the orchids, have "lips," and "horns," and "beaks;" that the "lips" are "movable" and "irritable," and catch flies, and that these flowers are themselves likened in botanical books to bees, and flies, and men, and spiders, and butterflies, and toads, and all other creeping and flying things.

The most important relationship which mosses bear to man, in an economical point of view, is closely connected with the office they perform in the economy of nature. Wherever there is a superabundance of moisture the mosses appear, chiefly species of *Sphagnum*, and peat is the result of their death and decay. This is an important article of fuel in the northern parts of our island, where coal is absent, as well as in many parts of Ireland. And from the formation of peat by the growth of mosses, it may be reasoned that, in like manner, the mosses probably played an important part in pre-human times, in the deposit of material now known as coal. Mr. Stark mentions that —

"Recent microscopic observation on the structure of coal from the beds of that material stored up for so many ages for the use of man, incontestably prove that there the delicate *Sphagnum* cushioned the swampy ground and displayed its glossy fruit." — *Stark's Popular History*, p. 9.

Our own microscopical examinations of coal have not afforded any direct evidence of this statement, nor are we aware that any details of observations have been published of sufficient value to authenticate it. Mr. Stark gives us an interesting account of the formation of peat bogs:

"A very little examination of the superficial layers of such peat bogs as are in the course of formation, will exhibit the appearance indicated

in the succeeding remarks. The formation of the bog is effected primarily by obstruction of streams, by the fall of trees, through extensive level tracts, as may be inferred from the remains of those found imbedded in them at various depths. Several species of *Bryum* and *Hypnum* are the preponderating genera at first, or while the water continues to flow lazily along; but as these decay, and thus increase the obstruction, the *Sphagnum*, with its dense spongy foliage, soon makes its appearance, and excludes many of its congeners. On examination, the first layer of moss exhibits the stems immediately below the surface in a state of very gradual decay, and by tracing them down we find this process going on, thus rendering the peaty substance more and more compact as we descend, until at length, when a depth of forty feet or so has been reached—for some of the Irish bogs attain as much—we find a compact substance charged with bitumen, thus showing its affinity with coal. By these means a supply of valuable fuel is provided for many who would be otherwise very destitute of this necessity of life. . . . A tenth part of the bulk at present existing in our peat-stores would be more than requisite for many generations, even with a vastly increased consumption."—*Stark's Popular History of British Mosses*, Introduction, p. 11.

The gradual change of the lower part of the living moss into a kind of peat, may be well seen on dry rocky summits of our highland mountains, especially in the case of *Trichostomum lanuginosum*, which continues to thrive and grow, presenting a living surface above, while the lower part of the stems are dead and converted into solid peat.

Of the uses of mosses in the economy of nature, it has been stated, that the protection they afford to the roots of other plants and to the stems of trees, is one of the most obvious; but their utility in the formation of soil is of greater importance. They abound chiefly in the temperate and frigid zones, and are the principal vegetable inhabitants of those wintry wastes where the summer heats scarcely affect the frozen surface to the depth of a few inches. In a climate such as ours, where, with the change of season, vegetable life is exposed, for one half of the year, to the rigors of winter, and for the other, to the drought of summer, no contrivance could be more suitable, as a protection to the tender tissues of roots, than the loosely matted branches and leaves of *Hypnums* and other mosses, and of this fact, the horticulturist knows well how to avail himself at these seasons.

It is only in northern regions, where the low ebb of those conditions necessary for the development of the higher plants permits only the simpler forms to grow, that man has recourse to cryptogamic plants in the supply of his daily wants. The mosses do

not directly minister to these to any great extent. A few are said to yield coloring matter suitable for dyeing; some have been extolled in times past for their virtues as remedial agents. *Polytrichum commune* yielded to the ladies, in Dillenius' time, an oil for the hair; it also affords to the Laplander, in its massive tufts, appropriate materials for "bed and bedding," and no one knows better than the botanist how to appreciate a *luxury* of this kind when, wandering alone amid the solitude of the mountains, night overtakes him when no human dwelling is near. The Laplander prepares his bed thus: Looking about for a thick cushion of the fertile plant mantling the peaty soil of the mountain-side, he marks out with his knife a piece of ground about the size of an ordinary blanket; then beginning at a corner, he gently severs the turf from the ground, and, as the roots of the moss are closely interwoven and matted together, he is enabled, by degrees, to strip off the whole circumscribed turf in one entire piece; this accomplished, he proceeds in the same manner to mark off and draw up another piece exactly corresponding with the first. Then, shaking them both clean, he lays one upon the ground with the moss uppermost, which serves for a mattress; and the other over it, with the moss downwards, for a rug; ensconced between the two, the weary traveller—

"Lays him down

Where purple heath, profusely sevens,
And throat-wort, with its azure bell,
And moss and thyme his cushion swell."

And a sweet and refreshing slumber he enjoys, and wakes with a deep sense of gratitude to his God, who has thus provided a bed for him in the midst of the desert. It has been suggested that their use of the moss in this way may have arisen from the example of the bear, a cohabitant of their country, who, in common with other wild animals, prepares his winter bed of *Polytrichum*. At least, one eminent naturalist has not disdained to follow the bear in his domestic arrangements. Linneus, during his scientific excursions in Lapland, a country thinly peopled, and inhospitable by the very laws of nature, often sought a *Polytrichum* bed. Had the name *Hypnum* not been given of old to another genus of mosses, one would have thought that Linné would have liked to record his gratitude to *Polytrichum* in such a graceful acknowledgment of its hypnotizing power.

But the white-bog moss, called *Sphagnum*, is even of more importance in the domestic arrangements of northern countries. This, the *manna-derphe* of the Laplander, is used

by the matrons to lay in their children's cradles to supply the place of bed, bolster, and every covering; and from its absorbent power, it keeps the infant remarkably clean, dry, and warm. It is sufficiently soft of itself, but the tender mother, not satisfied with this, which she changes night and morning, frequently covers the moss with the downy hairs of the rein-deer, and by that means makes a most delicate nest for the new-born babe. Hooker gives the economic use of *Sphagnum* thus: "Bodies of Lapponeese children swathed in it till they are old enough to take care of themselves." In the Polar regions, it is dried and made into a sort of bread, "*misere vite delicias*" (*Endlicher*). *Polytrichum commune* has also been applied to a few purposes. Hassocks, said by Hooker to be much used in churches in the north of England, are made of tufts of this moss simply cut from a moss-bog; the plants held together by the matted roots. Baskets are spoken of as woven of the stems of the same, and brooms are made of them in Yorkshire.

The Esquimaux make wicks for burning in oil of slender tufts of *Dicranum condensatum*.

To the traveller in the dense and trackless forests of North America, the Mosses are pretty sure guides to the points of the compass, as they grow principally, if not entirely, on the northern sides of the trunks of trees, where they find most shade and moisture.

To facilitate the study of Mosses, their cultivation in flower-pots under bell-glasses or in glazed cases, has been in use for some time; and the writer of these remarks urged the importance of this means of investigation at great length in one of the scientific journals many years ago. It is gratifying to find that the cultivation of these plants is progressing. The Rev. Mr. Higgins, of Rainhill, Liverpool, has been very successful. In a Ward's case kept in his garden, one hundred species are cultivated, and "flourish beautifully." His Bryarium being specially devoted to the illustration of Liverpool species, has been the means of adding new species to the Flora, by enabling the botanist to recognize the characters in after-development of species imperfect when gathered. One of the principal advantages resulting from this mode of treatment is, the facility afforded for examining the flowers in their several stages,—a matter of great importance in modern bryology.

The works whose titles are placed at the head of this article, are the leading ones which have, of late years, addressed themselves to the elucidation of this obscure branch of research. We shall briefly indi-

cate their respective characters. The first one in the list, that by Mr. Wilson, is the one which forms the best guide to the student of the British species. It is, indeed, a most laborious book, and is a remarkable example of industrious research which ought to be held up to the admiration of all students of botany. Every species (444) is fully described, and its chief features of structure illustrated, and many of them are now introduced to science for the first time. But even in the brief space which has intervened since the publication of the book, some new species have been added, especially in the puzzling genus *Bryum*. While the volume was in the press, Mr. Ogilvie, of Dundee, discovered one species in Fifeshire, and Mr. Marratt has found several in the neighborhood of Liverpool, one of which (described in Mr. Wilson's appendix) has been appropriately dedicated to Mr. M. as *B. Marratii*. Whilst this is our standard book on British Mosses, and one of the most thoroughly scientific treatises that has ever been published on British botany, we must also indicate that the very value of its scientific character renders it difficult of use to the beginner. It is gratifying, however, to be able to turn to Mr. Stark's book (No. 2), which, as a convenient and simple scientific history of our British Mosses, is deserving of great credit. It is certainly one of the prettiest books that Messrs. Reeve have published in their natural history series, and we know, from the acceptable manner in which it is regarded by those who have used it, that it will do good service in spreading a taste for this department of science. Although engaged in business, Mr. Stark has, through life, made the mosses a special branch of study, and few botanists are better acquainted with them practically; he has not included many of the new species and those imperfectly known, an arrangement which, while it gives the book less completeness to the advanced student, greatly simplifies its use to those who are most in want of assistance in the study. Mr. Gardiner's little books are simpler still; they are, indeed, addressed to young persons in the form of lessons, but they are charming lessons,—lessons of green fields and woods, and hedge-rows and rural lanes, and seashores and mountain streams; and their illustrations, being real specimens of the plants dried and pasted into the book, speak to the youthful eye with a vigor and freshness which no drawing can imitate. We are happy to hear that all the species of British Mosses are likely to be illustrated in a similar manner, by the nature-printing process, which has done so much good service for the British ferns in the hands of Mr. Moore, of the Chelsea Botanic Garden. Mr. Howie's

book (No. 5) consists of a series of admirably prepared specimens of the Fifeshire Mosses. Those who desire to investigate thoroughly the European species, must turn to the, in every sense, *magnificent* work of Bruch and Schimper, while that of Müller forms an index of *all* mosses.

There is one objection we have, which applies to almost all the books which have been published on the subject of Mosses. They are all occupied with the details of species, and little notice is taken of the general structure and physiology of these plants, to which all specific details ought, in our opinion, to be subservient. We know that the contempt (too often merited) with which the study of mosses and other cryptogamic plants is regarded by many, arises chiefly from the exclusive manner in which the study of species is pursued, and the assiduity with which species and varieties are multiplied (as

if that were the great aim of knowledge), while the real questions of general science, which those who have not specially studied the subject could appreciate, are neglected.

In conclusion, we would offer a single remark to those who are entering upon this branch of study, which is unquestionably the department of botany which most fully calls the observing powers into action, and which, perhaps, forms one of the best tests of the qualifications for botanical study. Hitherto, mosses have been *generally* studied in this country without careful use of the microscope, which has led to great confusion, and much imperfect and incorrect knowledge. The minute structure of these plants is daily being more and more recognized as of importance in classification; and we earnestly recommend students to place more reliance upon their microscopical preparations than upon tufts pasted upon paper.

THE SACRAMENTAL CUP.—There is a black letter dwarf quarto volume, entitled "The Pageant of Popes, containing the Lyues of all the Bishops of Rome, from the beginninge of them to the Yeaere of Grace, 1555." It is divided into six books; the first contains the lives of the bishops, the second of the archbishops, and the remaining four of the Popes of Rome:

"Shewing manye straunge, notorious, outrageous, and tragical partes, played by them, the like whereof hath not els bin hearde: both pleasant and profitable for this age. Written in Latin by Maister Bale, and now Englished with sondrye additions by J. S. [John Studley]. London, 1574."

From the first book of the above work, I extract the following account of Zepherinus, the fourteenth bishop, as it contains a statement which will probably be new to many of your readers:

"Zepherinus was a Romaine borne, a man, as writers do testifie, more addicted with all endeavor to the seruice of God, than to the cure of any worldly affayres. Whereas before his time the wine, in the celebrating the cōmuniō, was ministered in a cup of woode, he first did alter that, and in stead thereof brought in cuppes or chalices of glasse. And yet he did not this upon any supersticion, as thinking woode to be unlawfull, or glasse to be more holy, for that use, but because the one is more comly and semely, as by experience it appeareth, then the other. And yet some wooden doules do dreame that the wooden cuppes were chaunged by him, because that part of the wine, or, as they thought, the royall bloud of Christe, did soake into the woode, and so it cannot be in glasse. Surely soner may wine soake into any woode

than any witte into those winie heads that thus both deceive themselves and slaunder this Godly martyr, who, in the yeaere of our Lorde 220, suffered martyrdome under Aurelius."

I do not find any statement in the "Pageant of Popes" as to who it was that subsequently introduced, for the first time, silver or gold sacramental vessels instead of those of glass. Can any one settle this point?—*Notes and Queries*.

GERMAN SILVER.—A correspondent writes to us thus: "I have perused, with very great satisfaction, your article on 'Electroplating at Home,' and I intend shortly to act upon your suggestions, and try my hand at plating some forks, &c. Meanwhile, as I know that very many of the readers of your valuable *Journal* who daily use German silver utensils, are neither able nor willing to *plate* them, I feel desirous of telling such, that by the simple process of washing their spoons, &c., at once, instead of allowing them to remain soiled and dried, they will be always bright, and clean, and sweet. It is worth while to recollect and practise this; and also to observe, that *hot* water fixes in stains, whilst cold or cool water, and a little soap, prevent them. If, by accident, an article should become tarnished, to rub it, while wet, with a pinch of fine salt, will restore the color better than any other remedy I have ever known. Finding that my silver was greatly abused by my servants, I put it away, and bought a set of German silver or Albata plate for common use; so that I speak from experience. After several years' wear, they still preserve the *new* look, by no other than the above management."—*Chambers' Journal*.

CHAPTER XIII.

My diary continued :

Saturday. — Well, it is over at last ; and, upon my word, I begin to think I am capable of anything after all I have got through to-day since breakfast. Scarcely had I finished the slice of toast and single cup of tea that constitute my morning meal, before I heard the tramp of a horse on the gravel in front of the house, followed by the ominous sound of the door-bell. I have remarked that in all country families, a ring at the door-bell brings everybody's heart into everybody's mouth. Aunt Horsingham, brooding over the tea-pot as usual, had been in her worst of humors ever since she came down, and tried to look as if no bell that ever was cast had power to move her grim resolve.

"A message by electric telegraph," exclaimed Cousin Amelia, who is always anticipating some catastrophe; "no visitor would ever call at such a time."

"Unless he came to propose for one of us," suggested John, who was carving a ham at the side-table.

"Some one on business for me, probably," remarked Aunt Horsingham, drawing herself up and looking more stately than usual.

"Mr. Haycock!" announced the butler, throwing open the door with a flourish, and while all our untimely visitor's preparations, such as wiping his shoes, arranging his dress, &c., were distinctly audible outside, we looked at each other in mute astonishment, and I own I *did* feel the guilty one amongst the party.

The Squire made his entrance in a state of intense trepidation; having been forcibly deprived of his white hat in the hall, he had nothing but natural means to resort to for concealment of his confusion. Had it not been for an enormous silk handkerchief (white spots on a yellow ground), with which he blew his nose and wiped his brow at short and startling intervals, his condition would have been pitiable in the extreme. The "Squire's" dress, too, was of a more florid style than is usual in these days of sad-colored attire. A bright blue neckcloth, well starched and of great depth and volume; a buff waistcoat, with massive gilt buttons; a grass-green riding-coat, of peculiar shape and somewhat scanty material; white cord trousers, York tan gaiters, and enormous double-soled shooting-shoes, pierced and strapped, and clamped and hob-nailed, completing a *tout ensemble* that almost upset aunt's gravity, and made me, nervous as I felt, stuff my pocket-handkerchief into my mouth that I might not laugh outright.

"Fine morning, Lady Horsingham," observed the Squire, as if he had come all that

distance at this early hour on purpose to impart so valuable piece of information, "fine morning, but cold," he repeated, rubbing his hands together, though the perspiration stood on his brow. "I don't recollect a much finer morning at this time of year," he resumed, addressing Cousin John after a pause, during which he had ceremoniously shaken hands with each of us in succession.

"Will you have some breakfast?" asked Lady Horsingham, whose cold and formal demeanor contrasted strangely with the nervous excitement of her visitor.

"No, thank you—if you please," answered the Squire, in a breath, "I breakfasted before I left home; early hours, Lady Horsingham—I think your ladyship approves of early hours—but I'll ask for a cup of tea, if you please," so he sat down to a weak cup of lukewarm tea with much assumed gusto and satisfaction.

It was now time for Cousin Amelia to turn her battery on the Squire, so she presently attacked him about his poultry, and his garden, and his farm; the honest gentleman's absent and incoherent replies causing my aunt and John to regard him with silent astonishment as one who was rapidly taking leave of his senses, whilst I, who knew or at least guessed the cause of his extraordinary behavior, began heartily to wish myself back in Lowndes-street, and to wonder how this absurd scene was going to end.

"Your dahlias must have suffered dreadfully from these early frosts," said Cousin Amelia, shaking her ringlets at the poor man in what she fancies her most bewitching style.

"Beautifully," was the bewildered reply, "particularly the short-horns."

"You never sent us over the Alderney calf you promised, Mr. Haycock," pursued the lady, now adroitly changing her ground; "I begin to think you are not to be depended on."

"You do me injustice, Miss Horsingham, indeed you do," broke out the Squire in a white heat, and with a deprecating glance at me; "I assure you I sent over a very fine cutting, with a pot and everything, directions for matting it in winter and transplanting after a year; if you never got it I'll discharge my gardener, I will, upon my word."

"I have got such a Cochin China to show you," persisted his tormentor, determined to renew the charge; "when you've finished breakfast, I'll take you to the poultry-yard, if you like."

"Delighted," replied the Squire, looking ruefully around him, as if he meditated instant flight, "delighted, I'm sure; but they

have n't flowered well this year. I'll teach you how to breed them, if you like; but you're aware, Miss Horsingham, that they've no smell."

John could stand it no longer, and was forced to bolt out of the room. My aunt, too, rose from the table with something approaching a smile, when the Squire, screwing his courage to the sticking place, was following her into the drawing-room, evidently for a private interview, when Cousin Amelia, who seemed to have made up her mind to take bodily possession of him, hurried the visitor off to the billiard-room, there to engage in a match which would probably last till luncheon time. I never saw anything so hopeless as the expression of the victim's countenance, whilst suffering himself to be thus led into captivity. He did summon courage to entreat "Miss Coventry to come and mark," a favor which, notwithstanding my cousin's black looks, I really had not the heart to refuse him.

Game after game they played, the gentleman apparently abandoning himself to his fate. Sprawling over the table, making the most ridiculous blunders in counting, missing the most palpable of cannons, and failing to effect the easiest of hazards, the lady brandishing her mace in the most becoming attitudes, drooping her long hair over the cushions, and displaying the whiteness of her hand and slender symmetry of her fingers, as she requested her astonished adversary to teach her "how to make a bridge," or "pocket the red," or "screw in off the white," and lisped out "how hard it was to be disappointed by that provoking kiss!" The Squire made one or two futile attempts to engage me in a game, but Cousin Amelia was determined to have him all to herself, and as it was getting near the time at which I take Aunt Deborah her broth, for poor Aunt Deborah, I am sorry to say, is very ill in bed, I made my escape, and as I ran upstairs heard the billiard-room bell ring, and Squire Haycock summon up courage to "know if Lady Horsingham was at leisure, as he wished to see her for five minutes alone in the drawing-room."

People may say what they like about superstition and credulity and old women's tales, but I have faith in presentiments. Did n't I get up from my work and walk to the window at least a dozen times, to watch for Cousin John coming home, that wet day two years ago, when he broke his leg with the harriers, and yet he had only gone out for a morning's canter on the best horse he ever had in his life? Did n't I feel for eight-and-forty hours as if something too delightful was going to happen to me the week that Brilliant was bought and sent home, looking

like an angel in a horse's skin? That reminds me I never go to see him now; I hope I am not inconstant to my old friends.

And what was it but a presentiment that made my heart beat and my knees knock together when I entered my own room to-day before luncheon, and saw a brown paper parcel on the table, addressed, evidently by the shop people, to "Miss Coventry, Dangerfield Hall?" How my fingers trembled as I untied the thread and unfolded the paper; after all it was nothing but a packet of worsteds! To be sure I had n't ordered any worsteds, but there might possibly be a note to explain, so I shook every skein carefully, and turned the covering inside out, that the document, if there should be one, might not escape my vigilance. How could my presentiments deceive me? of course there *was* a note — after all, where was the harm? Captain Lovell had most politely sent me all these worsteds for a cushion I had once talked about working, and very naturally had enclosed a note to say so, and nothing to my mind could be kinder or more welcome than the contents. I am not going to say what they are, of course; though for that matter I easily could, since I have got the note by me at this moment, and have read it over to-day besides, more than once. After all, there is nothing like a letter. Who does not remember the first letter received in one's childish days, written in a fair round text for childish eyes, or perhaps even *printed* by the kind and painstaking correspondent for the little dunce of a recipient? Who has not slept with such a letter carefully hoarded away under the pillow, that morning's first light might give positive assurance of the actual existence of our treasure? Nor is the little urchin the only glad supporter of our admirable postal institutions. Manly eyes moisten with tears of joy over those faint delicate lines traced by *her* hand whose gentle influence has found the one soft place in that firm unflinching character. Woman hides away in her bosom close to her loving heart, the precious scrap which assures her visibly, tangibly, unerringly, that he is hers and hers alone. Words may deceive, scenes of bliss pass away like a dream. Though ever present to the mind, it requires an effort to disentangle the realities of memory from the illusions of imagination; but a letter is proof positive, there it is in black and white. You may read it again and again, you may kiss it as often as you please, you may prize it, and study it, and pore over it, and find a new meaning in every fresh perusal, a hidden interpretation for every magic word, nothing can unsay it, nothing can deprive you of it, only don't forget to lock it up carefully, and mind you don't go leaving about your keys.

I had hardly read my note over a second time, before Cousin Amelia bounced into the room without knocking. I should have locked the door had I known she was coming, as it was I had only time to pop the note into my dress (the seal made a great scratch just below my neck), before she was upon me, and throwing herself into my arms with a most unusual access of affection, exclaimed —

"Give me joy, Kate — give me joy — he's gone to mamma — he's in the drawing-room with her now — O! Kate, what shall I do?"

"My dear Amelia," I exclaimed, as the delightful thought flashed across me, that after all the Squire's visit might have been for my cousin, though I must say I wondered at his taste, "am I to congratulate you on being Mrs. Haycock? I do, indeed, from my heart. I am sure he is an excellent, amiable man, and will make you a capital husband."

"That he will," exclaimed Cousin Amelia, "and such a nice place and gardens, and a very good fortune too; upon my word, Kate, I begin to think I'm a lucky girl, though to be sure with my advantages I might expect to make a good match. He's not so old, Kate, after all; at least not so old as he looks, and he's very good-tempered I know, because his servants say so. I shall alter that tumble-down house of his, and new furnish the drawing-room. Of course he'll take me to London for two or three months every year in the season. I wonder if he knows about Mr. Johnson, not that I ever cared for him, and of course a poor curate like that, one could n't think of it. Do you know, Kate, I thought his manner was very odd the other day when he dined here, though he sat next you, he kept looking at me, and I remarked once that he colored up, O! so red; poor fellow, I see it all now. Kate, you shall be one of my bridesmaids — perhaps it will be *your* turn to be a bride some of these days, who knows?"

Just then Gertrude tapped at the door.

"Miss Coventry, if you please, her ladyship wishes to see you in the drawing-room."

My cousin's face fell several inches.

"Some mistake, Gertrude," she exclaimed; "it's me, is n't it, that mamma wants?"

"Her ladyship bid me tell Miss Kate she wished to see her *immediately*," was my maid's reply, so I tripped down stairs with a beating heart, and crossed the hall just in time to see Squire Haycock riding leisurely away from the house (though it was bitter cold, and a hard frost, the first of the season), and looking up at the window, doubtless in hopes of an encouraging wave from the white handkerchief of his *fiancée* presumptive.

Short as was the interval between my own door and that of the drawing-room, I had time to run over in my mind the whole advantages and disadvantages of the flattering proposal which I was now convinced had been made on my behalf. If I now became Mrs. Haycock, and I saw clearly that I had not mistaken the Squire's meaning on our return from hunting, I should be at the head of a handsome establishment, should have a good-tempered, easy-going, pleasant husband, who would let me do just what I liked, and hunt to my heart's content, should live in the country, and look after the poor, and feed hens and chickens, and sink down comfortably into a contented old age. I need not separate from Aunt Deborah, who would never be able to do without me, and I might, I am sure, turn the Squire with the greatest ease round my little finger, but then there certainly were great objections. I could have got over the color of his hair, though a red head opposite me every morning would undoubtedly be a trial, but the freckles! No, I do not think I could do my duty as a wife by a man so dreadfully freckled. I'm certain I could n't love him, and if I did n't love him I ought n't to marry him, and I thought of the sad, sad tale of Lucy Lady Horsingham, whose ghost was now in the nightly habit of haunting Dangerfield Hall. The struggles that poor thing must have gone through, the leaden hours of dull torpid misery, the agonizing moments of acute remorse, the perpetual spirit-wearing conflict between duty and inclination, much to the discomfiture of the former, and the haunting face of Cousin Edward continually rising on that heated imagination, pleading, reproaching, suing till she loved him if possibly more madly in his absence than when he was by her side. I too was beginning to have a "Cousin Edward" of my own. Frank Lovell's image was far too often present in my mind. I did not choose to confess to myself, how much I liked him, but the more I reflected on Mr. Haycock's proposal, the more I felt how impossible it would be never to *think* of Frank any more.

"No!" I said inwardly with my hand on the drawing-room door, "I will *not* give him up. I have his note even now in my bosom, he cares for me at any rate. I am happier to-day than I have been for months, and I will *not* go and destroy it all with my own hand." I opened the door and found myself in the formidable presence of Aunt Horsingham.

Her ladyship looked colder and more reserved, if possible, than ever. She motioned me stiffly to take a chair, and plunged at once into the subject in her dry measured tones.

"Before I congratulate you, Kate," she

began, "on such an unlooked-for piece of good-fortune as has just come to my knowledge, I am bound to confess, much to my astonishment——"

"Thank you, aunt," I put in; "that's complimentary at any rate."

"I should wish to say a few words," proceeded my aunt, without heeding the interruption, "on the duties which will now devolve upon you, and the line of conduct which I should advise you to pursue, in your new sphere; these hoydenish manners, these ridiculous expeditions, these scampers all over the country, must be renounced forthwith. Unbecoming as they are in a young unmarried female, a much stricter sense of decorum, a vastly different repose and reserve of manner, are absolutely essential in a wife, and it is as a *wife*, Kate, that I am now addressing you."

"A wife, aunt," I exclaimed, "whose, I should like to know?"

"This is an ill-chosen time for jesting, Kate," said my aunt, with a frown; "I cannot congratulate you on your good taste in turning so important a subject into ridicule. Mr. Haycock has proposed to you, you have accepted him. Whilst poor Deborah is so ill, I am your natural guardian, and he has with great propriety requested my consent; although in the agitation very natural to a man so circumstanced," added my aunt, smothering a smile, "it was with some difficulty that I made out exactly what he meant."

"He *never* proposed to me, I *never* accepted him," I broke in, breathless with agitation, "I *never will* be his wife, aunt; you had no right to tell him so. Write to him immediately—send a man off on horseback to overtake him—I'll put my bonnet on this instant, and walk every mile of the way myself. He's a true-hearted gentleman, and I won't have him made a fool of." I walked up and down the room; I looked Aunt Horsingham full in the face; she was quite cowed by my vehemence. I felt I was mistress now, while the excitement lasted, and she gave in; she even wrote a note to the Squire at my dictation; she despatched it by a special messenger; she did everything I told her, and never so much as ventured on remonstrance or reproach; but she will never forgive me to her dying hour. There is no victory so complete as that which one obtains over a person who is always accustomed to meet with fear and obedience. Aunt Horsingham rules her household with a rod of iron; nobody ever ventures to disagree with her, or so much as to hint an opinion contrary to those which she is known to hold. Such a person is so astonished at resistance as to be incapable of quelling it;

the very hardihood of the rebellion ensures its success. When I walked out of the drawing-room to-day, I felt that for once I had obtained the victory in a contest with my aunt; that in future I should no longer be the "wild, troublesome Kate," the "black sheep" of the family, the scapegoat on whom were laid the faults and misdemeanors of all, but the master-spirit, the bold, resolute woman, whose value others were able to appreciate, and who was ready and willing to assert her own independence. In the meantime poor Aunt Deborah had to be informed of what had taken place, and Cousin Amelia to be undeceived in her groundless expectations. That the latter would never forgive me, I was well enough acquainted with my own sex to be assured, but the task required to be done notwithstanding. Flushed with my triumph, with heightened color and flashing eyes I stalked off towards my chamber, and met Cousin John in the hall.

"Good heavens, Kate, what is the matter? what has happened?" exclaimed John, in obvious perturbation.

"A piece of news!" was my reply; "a conquest, John! What do you think? Mr. Haycock has just been here, and *proposed* for me!"

He flushed up all over his face and temples, and then turned deadly pale; even his lips were quite white and wide apart; how they quivered as he tried to speak unconcernedly, and after all he got out nothing but, "Well, Kate."

"And I have refused him, John," I said, quietly, but in a tone that showed him there was no mistake about it.

"God bless you, Kate," was all he replied, and turned away muttering something about "wet things" and "his dressing-room"; but he was going to the wrong door, and had to turn back, though he took care not to let me see his face again.

I can't make John out. At dinner he was just as if nothing had happened; but at all events I'm glad I've refused Mr. Haycock, so I shall read Frank's note over once more, and then go to bed.

CHAPTER XIV.

I NEED quote no more from my diary, as the next few days offered no incident worthy of recording, to break the monotony of our life at Dangerfield Hall. Drearier than ever it was, and more especially to *me*, for I felt that, although undeclared, there was "war to the knife" between myself, my aunt, and cousin. The latter scarcely spoke to me at all, and my aunt, whose defeat was rankling bitterly in her heart, merely took such sullen notice of me as was absolutely necessitated by the laws of hospitality and the usages of

society. Poor Aunt Deborah required to be kept very quiet, and free from all worries and annoyances. "The more she slept," the doctor said, "the sooner she would get well enough to move to London for further advice"; so I had not even her to talk to—there was no hunting—the frost got harder and harder—that obstinate weathercock over the stables kept veering from north to north-northeast—the grooms went to exercise wrapped up in great coats and shawl-handkerchiefs, and stayed out as short a time as was compatible with the mildest stable discipline: there could be no change of the moon for a week, and it was obvious that I should have but little use for Brilliant and White Stockings before our return to town. O! the hopelessness of a real bitter black frost coming on early in the season, especially when you are not at your own home, and your time is limited; to get up morning after morning with the faint hope that the change may have come at last; to see the dry slates, and the clear horizon, and the iron-bound earth, and to ascertain in your own proper person that the water gets colder and colder every day. You puzzle over the almanac till your eyes ache, and study the thermometer till you get a crick in your neck. You watch the smoke from every farmhouse and cottage within your ken, and still, after curling high up into the pure rarefied atmosphere, it floats hopelessly away to the southward, and corroborates the odious dog-vane that you fondly imagined might have got stuck in its northerly direction. You walk out and ask every laborer you meet whether he "does not think we are going to have a change." The man looks up from his work, wonders at your solicitude, opines "the gentry folks have queer ways," but answers honestly enough according to his convictions in the negative, perhaps giving some local reason for his opinion, which, if an old man, he will tell you he has never known to fail. Lastly, you quarrel with every one of your non-hunting friends, whose unfeeling observations on "fine seasonable weather," and "healthy bracing frosts," you feel to be brutal in the extreme. How I hated that frost at Dangerfield! my only chance of meeting with Frank Lovell was out hunting. I had written him an answer to his note (I have often heard Aunt Horsingham say that nothing is so inexcusable as not to answer a letter), and I had no possible means of delivering it. I could not put it in the bag, for my aunt keeps the key. I did not like to entrust it to any of the servants, and my own maid is the last person in whose power I should choose to place myself; I did once think of asking Cousin John to give it to Frank, and throwing myself on kind good

John's generosity, and confessing everything to him, and asking for his advice; but somehow I could not bring myself to it; if he had been my brother, nothing would have been easier; but John is only a cousin, and one or two little things of late had made me suspect that he liked me even better than cousins generally do; so altogether I thought I would leave it alone,—besides, John was going off to shoot pheasants in Wales. The third morning of the frost he came down to breakfast in a most unusual suit of wondrous apparel, that I knew meant a move in some direction, and I attacked him accordingly.

"Is that killing 'get-up' entirely for our benefit, John?" I asked, "or are you bound on some expedition that requires more fascinations than common?"

John colored—he has taken to blushing lately—"I'm going down into Wales for a few days' shooting, Kate," was his reply. "I shall come back again when the frost breaks up, if Lady Horsingham will be good enough to receive me." Aunt Horsingham is always very civil to John, and so is Cousin Amelia. People generally are to young bachelors. I wonder why men ever marry, they are so much more in request without wives and children.

"Always happy to see you," said Aunt Horsingham, with an emphasis on the pronoun. "By the way, what is your address in Wales, that I may forward your letters?"

John looked rather guilty as he handed an envelope to my aunt, and begged her to copy it exactly. "I can't pronounce the name of my friend Lloyd's place," he said, "but you'll find it written there in seven consonants and one vowel."

"Lloyd," said I,—"Lloyd! wasn't there a pretty Miss Lloyd you used to dance with last season in London? John, John!—I've found you out at last; now I can account for the splendor of your attire—now I can see why you post off to Wales in such a hurry, leaving your horses, and your hunting, and your cousin, sir, for the *beaux yeux* of Miss Fanny—isn't that her name? Well, John, I give you joy; she is a pretty girl, even in London, and Aunt Deborah says she's a fortune."

John looked so distressed, I did n't like to pursue the subject. I could n't think what had come over him—he never spoke another word to me till he jumped into his dog-cart to be off, and then he only muttered "Good-bye, Kate," in a hoarse whisper, but he wrung my hand very hard, and I even thought there were tears in his eyes! He is a good fellow, John; I was sorry to think I might have said anything to hurt his feelings.

After he went away it was drearier than

ever. What could I do but think of Frank Lovell, and wonder when I should see him again? Where could he be? perhaps gone back to London; perhaps at the inn at Muddlebury. I could see the smoke of the town from the breakfast-room windows, and used to watch it with a painful interest. Every time a servant came into the room, I thought something impossible was going to happen. If a carriage drove up to the house—if a horse's tramp was heard in the approach—if the door-bell rung, I fancied it must be Captain Lovell coming to call—perhaps to explain everything—possibly to request an interview with my aunt, such as Squire Haycock had undergone, “but,” as I said to myself with a beating heart, “to have a very different result.” If the dwelling solely on one idea be a species of madness, then was I undoubtedly mad—nothing was so wild and extravagant as to appear impossible to my heated fancy. I was always expecting, and always disappointed.

The fourth morning I got a letter from Mrs. Lumley, which did not add much to my composure or comfort. Why is it ladies have such a knack of making each other miserable equally by letter as by word of mouth? I give the epistle of Mrs. Lumley *verbatim*, omitting only the dashes and notes of admiration with which it was studied:

“MY DEAREST DEAR KATE,—Here we are, settled comfortably at Brighton, much to the benefit of my poor dear husband, whom you have never seen, but who knows you well by name, and having everything, even the weather all we can wish. The only drawback to me is the loss of your charming society, and the absence of your dear merry face. I am leading a highly virtuous and praiseworthy life, and have not done the least bit of mischief since I came here, except making the dean's wife jealous, which I can hardly call a crime, as she is a vulgar little woman with a red nose and a yellow bonnet—the dean is a fat, good-natured man, and calls here nearly every day. His wife abuses me in all societies, and tries to pass me in the street without speaking. You know how I always return good for evil, so I go up and shake hands with her, and ask after her dear children, and patronize her till I make her so angry that she don't know which way to look—it's rather good fun in such a slow place as this. My time is fully occupied, nursing ‘my old man,’ who was very ill before we came here, and can only go out in a pony-carriage for an hour or two at a time; so I have brought the ponies down, and drive him myself. The only chance the brown mare has of a gallop is in the morning, though next week I mean to have a day with the harriers; indeed they have appointed them at a good place on purpose for me. I inspected the regiment of Dragoons quartered here, yesterday morning; they were

at exercise on the downs, and as the Gitana (my brown mare) always behaves well with troops, which my enemies would affirm is more than can be said of her mistress, I am able to report upon their general appearance and efficiency. Such a set of ‘gegs,’ my dear, I never saw in my life; large underbred horses, and not a good-looking man amongst them. The officers are, if possible, more hideous than the privates, and they never give balls, or theatricals, or anything, so we need waste no more words upon them. I am improving my mind, though, vastly, picking up shells for some little cousins, and perfecting my education besides by learning to swim. I wish you were here—what fun we would have enacting the part of mermaids! though I fear the cold will now put a stop to my aquatic exploits. The other morning I swam nearly two hundred yards on a stretch, and the tide having taken me out of my reckoning, I brought up, as the sailors say, opposite the gentlemen's bathing-machines. What could I do? It was as impossible to walk along the beach as to fight back against the current. Presence of mind, Kate, is the salient point of the heroic character; the door of a machine was open, and I popped in. My dear, there were all his clothes, his hair-brush, his button-hook, his wig, and, would you believe it? an instrument for curling his whiskers! I put everything on except the wig, crowned myself with his broad-brimmed white hat, felt in his pockets, which were full of gold and silver, and, to my credit be it said, only selected one shilling, with which I paid the bathing-man, and walked off undiscovered to my own machine. The fat old she-triton laughed till she cried. I dressed in my proper costume leisurely enough, and was amused to hear afterwards of the luckless plight in which a stout gentleman had found himself, by the temporary loss of all his apparel, whilst he was disporting in ‘the briny.’ Other adventures I have had none; and the contrast is, as you may believe, somewhat striking after the last two or three weeks of the London season, always to my mind the pleasantest part of the year. I was so sorry you left town when you did; we had such a number of charming little dinners and expeditions in our own set. Dear Frank Lovell was the life and soul of us all. I never knew him in such spirits—quite like a boy out of school; and there were few days that we did not meet either at Greenwich or Richmond, or Windsor or Vauxhall; and of course wherever he went there was Lady Scapegrace. I must say, that although I think nobody can accuse me of being a prude, the way she goes on with Frank is rather too brazen-faced even for her! taking him everywhere in her carriage; setting him down at his club after the opera; walking with him in Kensington Gardens; his cab always at the door, and her ladyship ‘not at home’ even to me. To be sure, he is almost as bad, if it is true, as everybody says it is, that he is to marry Miss Molasses.

“Poor Frank! he must get hold of somebody with money, or he will soon be in the Bench.

He is rather a friend of yours, my dear, so I ought not to abuse him; but he is *very wild*, and though extremely agreeable, I am afraid utterly unprincipled. I do not believe, however, that he cares one snap of his fingers for Lady Scapegrace, or Miss Molasses either, for the matter of that. I meant to have written you a long letter, but my stupid servants have let the Dean in, and I hear his cough at this moment on the stairs—he is sadly out of wind before he reaches the first landing. I think even my poor 'old man' would beat him, at even weights, a hundred yards along the beach. As I shall not get rid of him under an hour, and the post will by that time be gone out, I must wish you good-bye.—Ever my dearest Kate's most affectionate

M. L."

I threw the letter on the floor and stamped upon it with my feet. And was this the end of all? To have brooded and pined, and made myself miserable, and well-nigh broke my heart, day by day, for a man that was to prove so utterly unworthy as this. To have been thrown over for a Lady Scapegrace! or, worse still, to have allowed, even to myself, that I cared for one who was ready and willing to be sold to a Miss Molasses.

"Too degrading!" I thought; "no, I'll never care for him again, the dream is over; what a fool I've been! and yet—why did he send his horses down to Muddlebury? Why did he serenade me that night from the park? Why is he not now with his dear Lady Scapegrace at Scamperly, where I see, by the *Morning Post*, Sir Guy is 'entertaining a party of fashionables during the frost?' No; I will not give him up quite yet."

On reading her letter over again, which I did many times during the day, I found a ray of comfort in my voluble correspondent's own opinion that Frank did not himself care a pin for either of the ladies, to both of whom the world gave him so unhesitatingly. Well, that was something at any rate. As for his wildness, and his debts, and his recklessness, and many escapades, I liked him none the worse for these—what woman ever did? I thought it all over during the whole day, and by the time that I opened my window for my usual look out into the night before going to bed, I am afraid I felt more inclined than ever to forgive him all that had gone before, and more determined to find some means of forwarding him the answer I had written to his note, and which I had been so many times on the point of burning during the day.

What a bitter cold night it was!—yet the keen north wind felt pleasant and refreshing on my fevered forehead. There had been a sprinkling of snow, too, since sunset, and the open surface of the park was completely

whitened over—how cheerless and desolate it looked! I had n't the heart to stay very long at the window, it reminded me too much of the pleasant evenings one short week ago. I felt weary and desponding and drowsy with uncertainty and unhappiness, so I was in the act of shutting down the window, when I saw a dark figure moving rapidly across the snow in the direction of the house. Not for an instant did I mistake it for a deer, or a gamekeeper, or a poacher, or a house-breaker. From the moment I set eyes on it, something told me it must be Frank Lovell; and though I shrank back that he might not see me, I watched him with painful anxiety and a beating heart. He seemed to know his way quite well: he came straight to the moat, felt his way cautiously for a step or two, and finding the ice would bear him, crossed at once, and took up a position under my window, not twenty feet from where I was standing.

He must have seen my shadow across the candle-light, for he whispered my name.

"Miss Coventry, Kate! only one word."

What could I do? poor fellow! He had walked all that distance in the cold and the snow only for one word—and this was the man I had been doubting and misjudging all day. Why, of course, though I know it was very wrong and very improper and all that, of course I spoke to him, and listened to what he had to say, and carried on a long conversation, the effect of which was somewhat ludicrous, in consequence of the distance between the parties, question and answer requiring to be *shouted*, as it were, in a whisper. The night, too, was clouding over, more snow was falling, and it was getting so dark I could not see Frank, even at the distance of twelve or fourteen feet, and it could not have been much more between my bedroom window and the ground.

"Did you get my note?" said he, with sundry complimentary expressions.

"Here's the answer," was my practical reply, as I dropped my own missive into the darkness.

I know he caught it, because—because—I *heard him kiss it*. At that moment I was aware of a step in the passage, a hand on my door: down went my window in a twinkling, out went my candles—the wick of the second one would keep glimmering like a light far off at sea—and in came Aunt Horsingham, clad in flannel attire, with a wondrous head-dress, the like of which I have never beheld before or since, just as I popped into bed, and buried myself beneath the clothes as if I had been asleep for hours.

"Where can it be, Kate?" said my aunt; "I have been in every room along the passage to find out where the light comes from."

I saw it distinctly from my own room, streaming across the moat: there might be thieves in the house," added my aunt, looking valiant even in flannel, "or some of the men-servants carousing, but I have been in every room on the ground floor myself; and then I thought perhaps you might be sitting up reading."

"Reading, aunt? O dear, no! I assure you I was n't reading," I answered, every nerve racked with suspense lest Frank should get impatient, and wonder what had become of me—perhaps throw a snowball up at the window to attract my attention.

"What o'clock is it?" I added, with a feigned yawn; "I think I must have been asleep for hours."

As if to punish me for this gratuitous perversion of the truth, the words were hardly out of my mouth when I heard a loud crack on the ice, and a splash as of the sudden immersion of some daring adventurer; then all was still—the snow-flakes fell softly against the window-panes. My aunt, shading her candle with her long hand, talked drowsily on, and finally persisted in my coming to sleep with her in her own room, as she said I was "the only person in the house that had the nerves of a hen." I would have given all I was worth in the world to have one more look out of the open window, though even then it might be too late. I would willingly have walked barefoot in the snow all the way to Muddlebury, only to know he was safe back at the inn. For a moment I thought of confessing everything and alarming the house, but I had *not* courage, so I followed my aunt to her room, and lay awake that livelong night in such a state of agony and suspense as I hope I may never have to endure again.

CHAPTER XV.

It may easily be believed that I took an early walk next morning before breakfast. No sooner had I made my escape from Aunt Horsingham's room, than, in utter defiance of the cold thaw just commencing, I put my bonnet on, and made the best of my way to the moat. Sure enough, large fragments of ice were floating about where the surface had been broken close to the side farthest from the Hall. There were foot-prints on the snow, though, leading away through the park in the direction of Muddlebury, and I came back to breakfast with a heart lightened of at least half its load. We were to return to London immediately. Aunt Deborah, pale and reduced, but undoubtedly better, was able to appear at breakfast, and Lady Horsingham, now that we were really about to take leave of her, seemed to value our society, and to be sorry to part with us.

"My dear Deborah, I trust you are well wrapped up for this cold raw day," said our hostess, pressing on her departing guest all kinds of provision for the journey. "I have ordered them to put up a paper of sandwiches, and some sherry, and a few biscuits, and a bottle of peppermint-water."

"And Aunt Deborah," put in Cousin Amelia, "here's a comforter I've made you myself, and a box of cayenne lozenges for your throat; and don't forget the stone-jug of hot water for your poor feet; and mind you write directly you arrive—you or Kate," she added, turning to address me almost for the first time since the memorable mistake about Squire Haycock.

Aunt Deborah was completely overpowered by so much kindness.

"You'd better have the carriage all to yourself—you and your maid"—persisted Lady Horsingham. "I'll drive Kate as far as the station in the pony-carriage. Kate, you're not afraid to trust yourself with me in the pony-carriage?"

"Not I, indeed, aunt," was my reply, "nor with anybody else, for that matter. I've pretty good nerves—there are few things that I *am* afraid of."

"Indeed, Kate, I fear it is so," was my aunt's reply. "I own I should like to see you a little more of a coward."

So it was settled that, Aunt Deborah and Gertrude being safely packed up in the close carriage, I should accompany Lady Horsingham, who was rather proud of her chariot-driving skill, and drove stiff and upright, as if she had swallowed the poker, never looking to the right or left, or allowing her attention to wander for an instant from the ponies she had undertaken to control.

Now these said ponies had been doing nothing during the frost, except consuming their three feeds a day with vigorous appetite, and a considerable accession of high spirits. Consequently they were what is termed in stable language very much "above themselves"—a state of self-exaltation which they demonstrated by sundry unbecoming squeaks and gambols as soon as they found themselves fairly started on their journey. Tiny, the youngest and handsomest, would persist in shying, plunging, and swerving against the pole, much to the demoralization of his comrade, Mouse, a stiff-built little fellow with a thick neck, who was ordinarily extremely well-behaved, but apt on occasions like the present to lower his rebellious little head and defy all control.

Lady Horsingham was tolerably courageous, but totally destitute of what is termed "hand," a quality as necessary in driving as in riding, particularly with fractious or high-spirited horses. The seat of a pony-

carriage, besides, is not a position from which a Jehu has much command over the animals in front of him; and although, as I have repeatedly said, I am not nervous, I had earned sufficient experience in the ways of the equine race to know that we might easily be placed in a position of some peril, should anything occur to excite the mischievous propensities of either of the specimens now gambolling before us. More accidents have happened out of pony-carriages than all other descriptions of vehicles put together.

It is said that in the olden and golden days of the road, the usual death of a "long coachman" was to be pitched out of a gig; and doubtless that two-wheeled conveyency, particularly when going at any pace, is capable of arriving at a large proportion of grief. But even a gig, if properly constructed, admits of the driver having a certain amount of control over his horse—he is well *above* the animal, and can get a good purchase to pull him up from, when the acceleration is becoming dangerous, or there is a tendency to the grosser insubordination of a "kicking match." Not so in a pony-carriage: low down upon the ground, even under their very heels, you are completely at the mercy of your team, and the facility of egress in the event of a run-away only tempts you to the fatal expedient of jumping out, another form of expression for "certain death."

To be sure, if people will but sit still there is no reason why they should be much alarmed, as an "upset" from so low an elevation need not necessarily produce any very serious results. But they never *will* sit still, at least they won't in nine cases out of ten, and the consequence is that whilst newspaper columns are filled with "horrid accidents" and "frightful occurrences," based on the fact of the "unfortunate sufferer taking an airing in his or her pony-carriage," many an elderly lady and cautious gentleman is not to be persuaded into entering one of these little conveyances, but prefers the slow and sure travelling of his or her own staid and respectable feet.

Well, Lady Horsingham seemed rather uncomfortable on her driving-seat, although far too proud to acknowledge so derogatory a feeling. We had no servant with us, and when I suggested that we might as well take one of the stable-men to open the gates, my proposal was met with derision and contempt.

"I should have thought such a masculine lady as yourself, Kate, would have been above requiring any assistance. I am always in the habit of driving these ponies *quite* by myself; but, of course, if you're afraid, I'll have a groom to go with us immediately."

Afraid, indeed! I scouted the idea; my

blood was up, and I almost hoped something would happen, that I might fling the word in my aunt's teeth, and ask her, "Who's afraid now?" It came sooner than I bargained for.

The ponies were pulling hard, and had got their mouths so thoroughly set against my aunt's hand, that she might as well have been driving with a pair of halters for any power she had over them, when a rush of colts in an adjoining paddock on one side of the lane, and a covey of partridges "whirling" up out of a turnip field on the other, started them both at the same moment. My aunt gave a slight scream, clutched at her reins with a jerk; down went the ponies' heads, and we were off, as hard as ever they could lay legs to the ground, along a deep-rutted narrow lane, with innumerable twistings and turnings in front of us, for a certainty, and the off-chance of a wagon and bell team blocking up the whole passage before we could emerge upon the high-road.

"Lay hold, Kate!" vociferated my aunt, pulling for her very life, with the veins on her bare wrists swelling up like whipcord. "Gracious goodness! can't you stop 'em? there's a gravel-pit not half a mile further on! I'll jump out! I'll jump out!"

My aunt began kicking her feet clear of the sundry wraps and shawls and the leather apron that kept our knees warm, though I must do her the justice to say that she still tugged hard at the reins. I saw that such an expedient would be certain death, and I wound one arm round her waist, and held her forcibly down in her seat, while with the other I endeavored to assist her in the hopeless task of stopping the runaway ponies. Everything was against us; the ground was slightly on the decline; the thaw had not yet reached the sheltered road we were travelling, and the wheels rung against its frozen surface as they spun round with a velocity that seemed to add to the excitement of our flying steeds. Ever and anon we bounded and bumped over some rut or inequality that was deeper than usual. Twice we were within an inch of the ditch; once, for an awful hundred yards, we were balancing on two wheels; and still we went faster and faster than ever. The trees and hedges whirled by us; the gravel-road streamed away behind us. I began to get giddy, and to lose my strength. I could hardly hope to hold my aunt in much longer, and now she began to struggle frightfully, for we were nearing the gravel-pit turn! Ahead of us was a comfortable fat farmer jogging drowsily to market in his gig. I can see his broad, well-to-do back, now. What would I have given to be seated, I had almost said *enthroned*, by his side! What a smash if we

had touched him! I pulled frantically at the off-rein, and we just cleared his wheel. He said something, I could not make out what. I was nearly exhausted, and shut my eyes, resigning myself to my fate, but still clinging to my aunt. I think that if ever that austere woman was near fainting, it was on this occasion. I just caught a glimpse of her white stony face and fixed eyes; her terror even gave me a certain confidence. A figure in front of us commenced gesticulating and shouting and waving its hat. The ponies slackened their pace, and my courage began to revive.

"Sit still," I exclaimed to my aunt, as I indulged them with a good strong "give-and-take" pull.

The gravel-pit corner was close at hand, but the figure had seized our refractory little steeds by their heads, and though I shook all over, and felt *really* frightened now the danger was past, I knew that we were safe, and that we owed our safety to a tall ragged cripple with a crutch, and a bandage over one eye.

My aunt jumped out in a twinkling, and, the instant she touched *terra firma*, put her hand to her side, and began to sob, and gasp, and pant, as ladies will previous to an attack of what the doctors call "hysteria." She leant upon the cripple's shoulder, and I observed a strange roguish sparkle in his unbandaged eye. Moreover, I remarked that his hands were white and clean, and his figure, if he had n't been such a sad cripple, would have been tall and active.

"What shall I do?" gasped my aunt. "I won't get in; nothing shall induce me to get in again. Kate, give this good man half-a-crown. What a providential escape! He ought to have a sovereign. Perhaps ten shillings will be enough. How am I to get back? I'll walk all the way rather than get in."

"But, aunt," I suggested, "at any rate I must get to the station. Aunt Deborah is sure to think something has happened, and she ought not to be frightened till she gets stronger. How far is it to the station? I think I should not mind driving the ponies on."

In the mean time the fat farmer whom we had passed so rapidly had arrived at the scene of action, his anxiety not having induced him in the slightest degree to increase the jog-trot pace at which all his ideas seemed to travel. He knew Lady Horsingham quite well, and now sat in his gig, with his hat off, wiping his fat face, and expatiating on the narrow escape her ladyship had made, but without offering the slightest suggestion or assistance whatever.

At this juncture the cripple showed himself a man of energy.

"Your ladyship had best go home with this gentleman," said he, indicating the fat farmer, "if the young lady is not afraid to go on; I can take care of her as far as the railway, if it's not too great a liberty, and bring the ponies back to the Hall afterwards, my lady?" with an interrogative snatch at his ragged hat.

It seemed the best thing to be done under the circumstances. My aunt, after much demurring, and another incipient attack of the hysterics, consented to entrust herself to the fat farmer's guidance, not however until she was assured that his horse was both blind and broken-winded. I put Mouse's bridle down on the lower bar instead of the cheek, on which he had previously been driven. My aunt climbed into the gig; I mounted the pony-carriage, the cripple took his seat deferentially by my side, and away we went on our respective journeys, certainly in a mode which we had little anticipated when we left the front-door at Dangerfield Hall.

My preserver sat half in and half out of the carriage, leaning his white well-shaped hand upon the splash-board. The bandaged side of his face was towards me; the ponies went quietly enough; they had enjoyed their gallop, and were, I think, a little blown. I had leisure to take a good survey of my companion. When we had thus travelled for a quarter of a mile in silence, he turned his face towards me. We looked at each other for about half a minute, and then both burst out laughing.

"You didn't know me, Miss Coventry! not the least in the world," exclaimed the cripple, pulling the bandage off his face, and showing another eye, quite as handsome as the one that had previously been uncovered.

"How could you do so, Captain Lovell?" was all I could reply. "Conceive if my aunt had found you out; or even if any one else should recognize you now. What would people think of me? But how did you know we were going to London to-day, and how could you tell the ponies would run away?"

"Never mind how I knew your movements, Miss Coventry," was the reply. "Kate! may I call you Kate? it's such a soft sweet name," he added, now sitting altogether inside the carriage, which certainly was a small one for two people. "You don't know how I've watched for you, and waited, and prowled about, during the last few days. You don't know how anxious I've been only for one word—even one look. I've spent

hours out on the down just to see the flutter of your white dress as you went through the shrubbery—even at that distance it was something to gaze at you, and know you were there. Last night I crossed the ice under your window.”

“You did, indeed,” I replied with a laugh, “and what a ducking you must have got!”

Frank laughed too, and resumed. “I was sadly afraid that your aunt might have found out you were holding a parley with the enemy outside the walls. I knew you were to go to London to-day. I thought very likely you might be annoyed, and put under surveillance on my account, and I was resolved to see you, if only for one moment; so I borrowed these ragged garments of a professional beggar, who I believe is a great deal better off in reality than myself, and I determined to watch for your carriage, and trust to chance for a word or even a glance of recognition. She has befriended me more than I could expect. At first, when I saw ‘Aunt Deborah’ alone in the chariot, it flashed across me that perhaps you were to stay *en penitence* at Dangerfield. But I knew Lady Horsingham had a pony-carriage. I also knew—or what would be the use of servants?—that it was ordered this morning; so I stumped gayly along the road, thinking that at all events I might have an opportunity of saying three words to you at the station, whilst the servants were putting the luggage on, and the dear aunts, who I presume cherish a mutual hatred, were wishing each other a tender farewell. But that such a chance as this run-away should befriend me was more than I ever dared to hope for, and that I should be sitting next you, Kate (and so close, I’m sure he might have added), in Lady Horsingham’s pony phaeton, is a piece of good-luck that in my wildest moments I never so much as dreamt of. We scarcely ever meet now. There—you need n’t drive so fast, the up train don’t go by till the half-hour, and every minute is precious, at least to me. We are kept sadly apart, Kate. If you can bear it, I can’t. I should like to be near you always—always to watch over you and worship you. Confound that pony! he’s off again.”

Sure enough, Tiny was indulging in more vagaries, as if he meditated a second fit of rebellion, and what with holding him and humoring Mouse, and keeping my head down so as to hide my face from Frank, for I did n’t want him to see how I was blushing, I am sure I had enough to do.

“Kate, you must really have pity on me,” pursued Frank; “you don’t know how miserable I am sometimes (I wonder

what he wanted me to say?) or how happy you have it in your power to make me. Here we are at that cursed station, and my dream is over. I must be the cripple and the beggar once more—a beggar I am indeed, Kate, without your affection. When shall we meet again, and where?”

“In London,” was all I could answer.

“And you won’t forget me, Kate?” pleaded Frank, looking so handsome, poor fellow!

“Never,” I replied; and before I knew how it was, I found myself standing on the platform, with Aunt Deborah, and the servants, and the luggage. The great green engine was panting and gasping in front of me, but ponies and pony-carriage and cripple had all vanished like a dream.

As we steamed on to London, I sometimes thought it was a dream, not altogether a pleasant one, nor yet exactly the reverse. I should have liked my admirer to have been a little more explicit. It is all very well to talk of being miserable and desperate, and to ring the changes on meeting and parting, and looks and sighs, and all that; but after all the real question is “Will you?” or “Won’t you?” and I don’t think a man is acting very fairly towards a girl who don’t put the case in that way at once, before he allows himself to run into rhapsodies about his feelings and his sufferings, and such matters, which after all lead to nothing, or at least to nothing satisfactory. To be sure, men are strange creatures, and upon my word I sometimes think they are more troubled with shyness than our own sex. Perhaps it’s their diffidence that makes them hesitate so, and, as it were, “beat about the bush,” when they have only got to “flush the bird” and shoot it at once, and put it in the game-bag. Perhaps it’s their pride for fear of being refused. Now I think it’s far more creditable to a man to wear the willow, and take to *men dinners* and brandy and water for a month or six weeks, than to break a girl’s heart for a whole year; and I know it takes nearly that time for a well brought-up young lady to get over a *real* matrimonial disappointment. However, shy or not shy, they certainly ought to be explicit. It’s too bad to miss a chance because we cannot interpret the metaphor in which some bashful swain thinks it decorous to couch his proposals; and I once knew a young lady, who, happening to dislike needle-work, and replying in the negative to the insidious question, “Can you sew a button?” never knew for months that she had actually declined a man she was really fond of, with large black whiskers, and two-and-twenty hundred a year. Women can’t be too cautious.

CHAPTER XVI.

I WAS not sorry to be once again fairly settled in Lowndes-street. Even in the winter London has its charms. People don't watch everything you do, or carp at everything you say. If there is more apparent constraint, there is more real liberty than in the country. Besides, you have so much society, and everybody is so much pleasanter in the metropolis during December than July. The frost had set in again harder than ever. Brilliant and White-stockings, like "Spur-Adam's steeds," were compelled to "bide in stall." John was lingering at the Lloyds' or elsewhere in the Principality, though expected back every day. Aunt Deborah was still weak, and had only just sufficient energy to forbid Captain Lovell the house, and insist on my never speaking to him. I can't think what she had found out, or what Aunt Horsingham had told her, but this I know, that if ever I have a daughter, and I don't want her to like Mr. Dash, or to be continually thinking about him, I shall not forbid her to speak to him, nor shall I take every opportunity of impressing on her that he is wild, unprincipled, reckless, and dissipated, and that the only redeeming points about him are his agreeable conversation and his good looks. Altogether I should have been somewhat dull had it not been for Mrs. Lumley; but of that vivacious lady I saw a good deal, and I confess took a far greater pleasure in her society than on our first acquaintance I should have esteemed possible. When I am ill at ease with myself, not thoroughly satisfied with my own conduct, I always like the society of *fast* people: their liberality of sentiment and general carelessness of demeanor convey no tacit reproach on my own want of restraint, and I feel more at home with them than with such severe moralists as Aunt Horsingham, or than hypocritical Cousin Amelia. So I drove and shopped and visited with Mrs. Lumley — nay, I was even permitted, as a great favor, to dine with her on one or two occasions; Aunt Deborah only stipulating that there should be no male addition to the party, except Mr. Lumley himself, or, as the lady of the house termed him, "her old man."

I confess I liked "the old man," and so, I think, in her own way, did his wife. Why she married him I cannot think, more particularly as he had not then succeeded to the comfortable fortune they now enjoy: he was little, old, ugly, decrepit, and an invalid, but he was good-nature and contentment personified. I believe he had great talents — for all his want of physical beauty, he had a fine head — but these talents were wholly and unsparingly devoted to one pur-

suit, — he was an entomologist. With a blackbeetle and a microscope he was happy for the day. Piles upon piles of manuscripts had he written upon the forms and classification of the bluebottle fly. He could tell you how many legs are flourished by the house-spider, and was thoroughly versed in the anatomy of the common gnat. This pursuit, or science as he called it, engrossed his whole attention. It was fortunate he had such an absorbing occupation, inasmuch as his general debility prevented his entering into any amusement out of doors. His wife and he seemed to understand each other perfectly.

"My dear," he would say, when listening to some escapade that it would have been scarcely prudent to trust to most husbands' ears, "I never interfere with your butterflies, and you never trouble yourself about mine. I must, however, do myself the justice to observe, that you get tired of your insects infinitely the soonest of the two."

He never inquired where she went, or what she did, but late or early always received her with the same quiet welcome, the same sly good-humored smile. I firmly believe that with all her levity, whatever scandal might say, she was a good wife to him. He trusted her implicitly, and I think she felt his confidence deserved to be respected. Such was not the opinion of the world, I am well aware; but we all know the charitable construction it is so eager to put on a fair face with a loud laugh and a good set of teeth. Dear me! if he looked for a lady that had never been *talked about*, Cæsar might have searched London for a wife in vain. Good Mr. Lumley professed a great affection for me, and would occasionally favor me with long and technical dissertations, on the interior economy of the flea, for example; and once in the fullness of his heart confided to his wife, that "Miss Coventry was really a *dear* girl: it's my belief, Madge, that if she'd only been a man, she'd have been a naturalist." These little dinners were indeed vastly agreeable. Nobody had such a comfortable house, or such a good cook, or so many pretty things, as Mrs. Lumley. Her "old man" seemed to enjoy the relaxation of ladies' society after his morning labors and researches. With me he was good-humored and full of fun; at his wife's jokes and stories, most of them somewhat scandalous, he would laugh till he cried.

"I'm responsible for you, Miss Coventry," he would say, with a sly laugh; "you're not fit to be trusted with Madge; upon my life, I believe she is the wildest of the two. If you won't have the carriage, I must walk back with you myself. How far is it,

Madge? do you think I can *slay the distance*, as you sporting people term it in your inexplicable jargon?"

"Why, you know you can't get a hundred yards, you foolish old man," laughed his wife; "a nice chaperone you'd make for Kate; why, she'd have to carry you, and you know you'd tumble off even then. No, no, you and I will stay comfortably here by the fire, and I'll give you your tea and put you tidily to bed; I shan't be at home any other night this week. Kate has a convoy coming for her; have n't you, Kate? *le beau cousin* will take the best possible care of us, and even prim Aunt Deborah won't object to our walking back with him. I believe he came up from Wales on purpose. What would somebody else give to take the charge off his hands?—you need n't blush, Kate; I can see through a millstone as far as my neighbors. I'm not quite such a fool as I look, am I, 'old man'? There's the door-bell. John, ask Mr. Jones if he won't step up and have some tea!" We were sitting by a blazing fire in the boudoir, a snug and beautiful little room, to which no one was admitted but the lady's especial favorites—even the 'old man' never entered it during the day.

"Mr. Jones' compliments, and he hopes you'll excuse him, ma'am," was the footman's answer on his return, "but it's very late, and he promised to bring Miss Coventry back by eleven."

"Well, I'm sure," said Mrs. Lumley, "if I was you, Kate, I should n't stand his anticipating his authority in this way. Never mind, be a good girl, and do as you're bid; pop your bonnet on; shall I lend you an extra shawl? There, you may give my 'old man' a kiss, if you like; bless him! he's gone fast asleep. Good-night, Kate; mind you come to luncheon to-morrow, there's a dear." So saying, Mrs. Lumley bid me a most affectionate farewell, and I found myself leaning on John's arm, to walk home through the clear frosty air.

I do like perambulating London streets by gas-light, — of course, with a gentleman to take care of one. It is so much pleasanter than being stewed up in a stifly brougham. How I wish it was the fashion for people to take their bonnets out to dinner with them, and walk back in the cool fresh air! If it is delightful even in winter, how much more so in the hot summer nights of the season! Your spirits rise and your nerves brace themselves as you inhale the midnight air, with all its smoky particles, pure by comparison with that which has just been poisoning you in a crowded drawing-room. Your cavalier asks leave to indulge in his "weed," and

you enjoy its fragrance at second-hand, as he puffs it contentedly away, and chats on in that prosy confidential sort of manner, which no man ever succeeds in assuming, save with a cigar in his mouth. John lit his, of course, but was less communicative, to my fancy, than usual. After asking me if I had "enjoyed a pleasant evening," and whether "I preferred walking," he relapsed into a somewhat constrained silence. I too walked on without speaking. Much as I love the night, it always makes me rather melancholy, and I dare say we should have got to Lowndes street without exchanging a syllable, had not some imp of mischief prompted me to cross-examine my cousin a little upon his *séjour* in Wales, and to quiz him, half spitefully, on his supposed *penchant* for pretty Fanny Lloyd. John rose freely in a moment.

"I know where you pick up all this nonsense, Kate," he burst out quite savagely; "I know where half the scandal and half the mischief in London originates! With that odious woman whose house we have just quitted, whose tongue cannot be still a single moment, who never by any chance speaks a word of truth, and who is seldom so happy as when she is making mischief. I pity that poor decrepit husband of hers, though he ought to keep her in better order, yet it is a hard case upon any man to be tied to such a Jezebel as *that*."

"The Jezebel, as you call her, John," I interposed, quietly, "is my most intimate friend."

"That's exactly what I complain of," urged my cousin; "that's my great objection to her, Kate; that's one of the things that I do believe is driving me out of my senses day by day. You know I don't wish you to associate with her; you know that I object extremely to your being seen everywhere in her company. But you don't care; the more I expostulate, the more obstinate and wilful you seem to become."

It was my turn to be angry now.

"Obstinate and wilful, indeed!" I repeated, drawing myself up. "I should like to know what right you have to apply such terms to me? Who gave you authority to choose my society for me? or to determine where I shall go and what I shall do? You presume on your relationship, John; you take an ungenerous advantage of the regard and affection which I have always entertained for you."

John was mollified in an instant.

"Do you entertain regard and affection for me, Kate?" said he; "do you value my good opinion, and consider me as your dearest and best friend?"

"Of course I do, John," was my reply.

"Have n't we known each other from childhood? and are you not like a brother to me?"

John's face fell a little, and his voice shook as he spoke: "Am I never to be more than a brother to you? never to obtain a greater interest in you, a larger share of your regard than I have now? Listen to me, Kate—I have something to tell you, and I can put it off no longer. This delay, this uncertainty day by day, I do believe will drive me mad. Kate, I promised Aunt Deborah faithfully that I would never enter on this subject till you came of age, and you know by your father's will you don't come of age till you're five-and-twenty. 'By that time, John,' said my aunt, 'Kate will have seen plenty of others, and be old enough to know her own mind. If she takes you then, she takes you with her eyes open, and she won't get tired of you, and find out she likes some one else better. Promise me, John, that you'll wait till then.' And I did promise, Kate; but I can't keep my word—I can't wait all those years in this state of anxiety and uncertainty, and perhaps lose you after all. It's too great a stake to play for, if one is to be kept so long in suspense, and I have resolved to be put out of my pain one way or the other."

John paused. I had never seen him so excited before; he was quite hot, though the night was keen and frosty; his arm trembled as mine leant upon it; and though his cigar was gone out, he kept puffing away, utterly unconscious of the fact. He seemed to expect an answer. I hesitated. I did not know what to reply. I had got so accustomed to Cousin John that I never looked upon him in any other light than that of a favorite brother, a constant companion and friend. Moreover, I was not prepared to take any such decisive step as that to which he now seemed to be urging me. There is a great difference between *liking* people and giving them power of life and death over one for the rest of one's days. I will not say that the image of another did not rise before me in all its winning beauty, as I had seen it last, scarcely one short week ago. Altogether, I did not know what to say, so I wisely said nothing, but walked on, looking straight before me, with an uncomfortable feeling that I was driven into a corner, and should ere long be compelled to do that which is always highly distasteful to our liberty-loving sex—namely, to "make up my mind." John, too, walked on for a few paces in silence. We were at the corner of Lowndes-street. There was not a soul to be seen but our two selves. All at once he stopped short under the light of a lamp, and looked me full in the face.

"Kate," said he, in a grave, deliberate voice, "you know what I mean—yes or no?"

I shook like a leaf. What would I have given to have been able to take counsel of one of my own sex—Mrs. Lumley, Aunt Deborah, or even cold, pitiless Lady Horsingham! But I had to choose for myself. I felt that the turning-point of my destiny had arrived—that the game was in my own hands, and that now I ought to decide one way or the other. I shrank from the responsibility. Like a very woman, I adopted a middle course.

"Give me time, John," I pleaded, "give me time to weigh matters over in my own mind. This is an affair that equally concerns the happiness of each of us. Do not let us decide in a hurry. Aunt Deborah was quite right; her wishes ought to be my law. When I am five-and-twenty it will be soon enough to enter on this subject again. In the interval, believe me, John, I have the greatest regard and esteem for you."

"Nothing more, Kate?" said John, looking as if he did n't know whether he was pleased or annoyed—"nothing but esteem?"

"Well, I must n't say any more," was my reply, "but you know you have that."

John's face brightened considerably. "And in the mean time, Kate," he urged, "you won't allow yourself to be entangled with any one else?"

"Of course not," was my vigorous disclaimer; and by this time we had arrived at my aunt's door, and it was time to say "Good-night."

"What's the matter, Kate?" exclaimed Mrs. Lumley, when I called to lunch with her the following day, according to promise. "You look pale and worried. For goodness' sake, tell me what has happened. Have you found out the *rover* transferring his adoration to Miss Molasses? or did *mon cousin* take advantage of the hour and the opportunity to lecture us last night on our love of admiration and general levity of conduct? Tell me all about it, dear. We shan't be disturbed. I'm 'not at home' to a soul, and my old man is busy dissecting an earwig, so he's quite safe till dinner-time. Sit you down on the sofa, out with your pocket-handkerchief, and make a clean breast of it!"

I told her the whole of my conversation with my cousin the previous night, only suppressing the unflattering opinions he had thought fit to express of my present *confidante*. "And O, Mrs. Lumley," I exclaimed, as I concluded, "how could I sleep a wink last night, with all this to harass and reproach me? No wonder I'm pale and worried, and perfectly miserable. I feel I'm

behaving shamefully to John, and not at all rightly towards Captain Lovell. I know I ought to come to an understanding with my cousin, and that Frank ought to be more explicit with me. I could n't have given a decided answer last night if my life had depended on it. I can't give up the one without knowing exactly whether he means honestly (if I thought he did, Mrs. Lumley, nothing should induce me to throw him over); and I don't like to make the other miserable, which I am sure I should do if I refused him point-blank; nor do I think I could do at all well without him, accustomed as I have been to depend upon him for everything from childhood. So I have wavered and prevaricated and behaved disingenuously, almost falsely—and what must he think of me now?"

"Think of you, my dear?" replied my worldly friend; "why, of course he thinks of you more than ever. There is nothing like uncertainty, Kate, to keep them well up to the collar. You should always treat men like the beasts of the field. If you want to retain the upper hand of him, ride an adorer as you do Brilliant, my dear: a light hand, with just enough liberty to make him fancy he is going quite at his ease; and then, when he is getting a little careless and least expects it, give him such a jerk as makes his fine mouth smart again. He'll wince with the pain, and very likely rear straight-on-end; but he'll be all on his haunches well under control, and go much the pleasanter during the rest of the day. Never mind how much they suffer, it's very good for them, and they will like you all the better for it."

"That may answer very well with some," I replied, "but I should be afraid to try the experiment too often. I am sure Brilliant would break away altogether if I used him so. And I think the very man that minds it most would be the least likely to stand a repetition of such treatment. No, Mrs. Lumley, I fear I must now choose between Frank and my cousin. The latter has behaved honorably, considerably, kindly, and like a thorough gentleman. The former seems to think I am to be at his beck and call indeed whenever he chooses. He has never been to see me during the whole of this past week. At Dangerfield he was as little careful of my reputation as he was of his own limbs. Did I tell you how nearly drowned he was crossing the moat? How you would have laughed, you wicked, unfeeling woman, if you had heard the splash that cold, snowing night! And then to disguise himself like a tramp,

and stop those runaway ponies at the risk of his life, that he might speak three words to me before I went away. I will say for him that he is afraid of nothing; but I cannot conceal from myself which has behaved best towards me. And yet, Mrs. Lumley," I concluded, rising and walking off to the window, "I would rather have Frank for a lover than Cousin John for a husband."

"Many people would suggest there was no impossibility in your having both, but I don't give such bad advice as that," replied Mrs. Lumley; "however, Kate, do nothing in a hurry—that's my counsel. I grant you, I think Master Frank a very slippery gentleman. I do know some curious stories about him, but I never tell tales out of school. In the mean time you are, after all, only suffering from an *embarrass de richesses*; it's far better to have too many suitors than none at all. Come, I'll take you out shopping with me till five; then we'll have some tea, and you can go home quietly to dinner, and ask Aunt Deborah's leave to join me at the French play. I've got a capital box, and I'll send the carriage for you. Wait half a second whilst I put on my bonnet."

So we went off shopping, and we had our tea, and I found no objections from Aunt Deborah to my going out again in the evening; and I was so restless I did not the least grudge the trouble of dressing, or anything to take me away from my own thoughts. But all the afternoon and all the evening I made up my mind that I would give up Frank Lovell. A little resolution was all that was needed. It was plain he did not *really* care for me. Why, he was n't even in London, though he knew quite well I had been there more than a week. Very likely I should n't see him all the winter, and my heart sank as I thought how much easier this would make my sacrifice. At all events, I determined, when I did see him, to be cold, and demure, and unmoved, and to show him unmistakably that I belonged to another—in which Spartan frame of mind I betook myself to the French play.

Alas, alas! well may the bard complain—

"Woman's vows are writ in water;
Woman's faith is traced in sand."

Who should be in the back of the box but Frank Lovell himself! Mischievous Mrs. Lumley, was this your doing? Before I went away, I had promised to meet him next morning in the park, and he was to *explain* all.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

ON THE SUPPOSED INSANITY OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

BY JOHN DOWSON, M.D.*

For nearly a century after the death of Sir Isaac Newton he was thought to have been scarcely less remarkable for his equanimity than for his genius; but in 1822 the following statement appeared :

"There is among the manuscripts of the celebrated Huygens, at Leyden (says Van Swinden, a Dutch philosopher), a small journal in folio, in which he used to note down different occurrences, and in which the following extract is written by himself:—"On the 29th of May, 1694, M. Colin, a Scotchman, informed me that eighteen months ago the illustrious geometer, Isaac Newton, had become insane, either in consequence of his too intense application to his studies, or from excessive grief at having lost by fire his chemical laboratory and several manuscripts. When he came to the Archbishop of Cambridge (Cantabrigiensem, in the original, for Cantuariensem, as Mr. Edleston conjectures), he made some observations which indicated an alienation of mind. He was immediately taken care of by his friends, who confined him to his house and applied remedies, by means of which he had now so far recovered his health that he began to understand the Principia."

This statement was communicated by Van Swinden to M. Biot, who published it in his *Life of Newton*, and commented upon it as true; but it has been clearly proved by Sir David Brewster (to whose *Life of Newton* I am indebted for the document) that during the greater part of the eighteen months in which Newton was asserted by Colin, and believed by Biot, to have been insane, he was really engaged in profound inquiries in almost every branch of knowledge to which he had at any time applied himself. It was in this period that he "wrote his four celebrated letters to Dr. Bentley, On the Existence of a Deity; letters which evince a power of thought and a serenity of mind absolutely incompatible even with the slightest obscuration of his faculties." He was deeply engaged in chemical experiments: he was in correspondence with Facio, an eminent mathematician, on matters of business (see the *Gent. Mag.* for Jan. 1814); with Leibnitz and Pepys on mathematical subjects; and with Dr. Mill, of Oxford, on the collation of Biblical manuscripts. Besides, "no English biographer had ever alluded to such an event. History and tradition were equally silent, and it was not easy to believe that the Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge, recently a member of the English Parliament, and the first philosopher and

mathematician in Europe, could have lost his reason without the dreadful fact being known to his countrymen."

And yet Colin's report to Huygens was not entirely without foundation. Newton had been out of health from the autumn of 1692 till September 1693, when he wrote the following letter to Pepys :

"Sept. 13, 1693.

"Sir, — Some time after Mr. Millington had delivered your message, he pressed me to see you the next time I went to London. I was averse; but upon his pressing consented, before I considered what I did, for I am extremely troubled at the embroilment I am in, and have neither ate nor slept well this twelvemonth, nor have my former consistency of mind. I never designed to get anything by your interest, nor by King James' favor, but am now sensible that I must withdraw from your acquaintance, and see neither you nor the rest of my friends any more, if I may but leave them quietly. I beg your pardon for saying I would see you again, and rest your most humble and most obedient servant,

"IS. NEWTON."

It is not clear whether the clause, in this letter, "nor have my former consistency of mind," refers only to the time of writing, or to the whole preceding twelvemonth. *I* or *had* after *have* would have rendered it more definite. If the reference be to the whole year, as Sir David Brewster understands it, the want of mental consistency was certainly not mental aberration, for the reasons already given.

On the receipt of Newton's letter, Mr. Pepys wrote one of inquiry to Mr. Millington, and afterwards a second, dated Sept. 26th, 1693, in which he says :

"I had lately received a letter from him (Newton) so surprising to me for the inconsistency of every part of it, as to be put into great disorder by it from the concernment I have for him, least it should arise from that which of all mankind I should least dread from him and most lament for; I mean a discomposure in head, or mind, or both."

To this Mr. Millington sent a reply from Cambridge, dated Sept. 30, 1693, of which the following is a part :

"I was, I must confess, very much surprised at the inquiry you were pleased to make by your nephew about the message that Mr. Newton made the ground of his letter to you, for I was very sure I never either received from you or delivered to him any such; and therefore I went immediately to wait upon him, with a design to discourse him about the matter, but he was out of town, and since I have not seen him, till the 28th I met him at Huntingdon, where, upon his own accord, and before I had time to ask him any question, he told me that he had writ to you a very odd letter, at which he was much con-

* Read before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Whithy, Jan. 3, 1866.

cerned; added, that it was in a distemper that much seized his head, and that kept him awake for above five nights together, which upon occasion he desired I would represent to you, and beg your pardon, he being very much ashamed he should be so rude to a person for whom he hath so great an honor. He is now very well, and though I fear he is under some small degree of melancholy, yet I think there is no reason to suspect it hath at all touched his understanding, and I hope never will."

Three days after his letter was written to Pepys, Newton wrote the following to Locke:

"Sir, — Being of opinion that you endeavored to embroil me with women, and by other means, I was so much affected with it, as that when one told me you were sickly and would not live, I answered 't were better if you were dead. I desire you to forgive me this uncharitableness; for I am now satisfied that what you have done is just, and I beg your pardon for my having hard thoughts of you for it, and for representing that you struck at the root of morality, in a principle you laid in your book of ideas, and designed to pursue in another book, that I took you for a Hobbit. I beg your pardon also for saying or thinking that there was a design to sell me an office, or to embroil me. — I am your most humble and unfortunate servant,

"IS. NEWTON.

"*At the Bull, in Shoreditch, London,
Sept. 16th, 1693.*"

To this letter Locke returned an answer highly to his honor, but which it is unnecessary to quote here, and Newton made the following reply to it:

"Sir, — The last winter, by sleeping too often by my fire, I got an ill habit of sleeping; and a distemper, which this summer has been epidemical, put me farther out of order; so that when I wrote to you I had not slept an hour a night for a fortnight together, and for five days together not a wink. I remember I wrote to you, but what I said of your book I remember not. If you please to send me a transcript of that passage, I will give you an account of it if I can. — I am your most humble servant,

"IS. NEWTON.

Cambridge, Oct. 15th, 1693."

Now, though there is abundant evidence in Sir David Brewster's work, from which these documents are taken, that during the greater part of the time of the supposed insanity there was really no insanity at all, but that, whatever Newton may have meant by not enjoying his former consistency of mind, he really "possessed the full vigor of his reason," and was "equal to the most profound research," it must, I think, be admitted that there was mental disorder in September, 1693 (when the former letter to Locke was written), and it must be felt to be

desirable that the disorder should be accounted for. This is not done by Sir David Brewster, who has simply called the disorder "nervous," and the letter "remarkable;" but it may be done if we can ascertain what was the distemper which Newton says was "epidemical in the summer of 1693, and put him farther out of order," which Millington says "much seized his head," and which both state kept him awake for "five nights together."

As I was conning over the documents on this subject a few days since, it occurred to me that the distemper in question might be influenza; and, on turning to Dr. Theophilus Thompson's *Annals of Influenza, or Epidemic Catarrhal Fever in Great Britain*, published in 1852 by the Sydenham Society, I found a short notice of a paper on Epidemic Distempers, by Dr. Thomas Molyneux, of Dublin, published in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1694, from which, as abridged by Hutton, Shaw, and Pearson, vol. III. p. 634, I copy the following:

"About the beginning of November, 1693, after a constant course of weather moderately warm for the season, upon some snow falling, of a sudden it grew extremely cold, and soon after there succeeded some few days of very hard frost, upon which rheums of all kinds, such as violent coughs that chiefly affected in the night, great defluxion of thin rheum at the nose and eyes, immoderate discharges of the saliva by spitting, hoarseness of voice, sore throats, with some trouble in swallowing, wheezings, obstructions, and soreness in the breast, a dull heaviness, and stoppage in the head, with such like disorders, the usual effects of cold, seized great numbers of all sorts of people in Dublin. Some were more violently affected, so as to be confined awhile to their beds: these complained of feverish symptoms, as shiverings and chillness all over them that made several returns; pains in many parts of their bodies, severe headaches, chiefly about their foreheads, so that the least noise was very troublesome; great weakness in their eyes, that the least light was offensive; a perfect decay of all appetite . . . great uneasiness and tossing in their beds all night: yet these disorders would usually, without any remedies, abate of themselves, and terminate in universal sweats that constantly relieved. . . . When the cold was but moderate, it was usually over in eight or ten days; but with these in whom it rose to a greater height it continued a fortnight or three weeks, and sometimes above a month. Some way or other it affected everybody except the aged, many of whom escaped it. . . . This cold was as general in England, and with the same symptoms as it seized us in Dublin; but with this difference, that it appeared about three or four weeks sooner in London (that is, about the beginning of October) than it did in Dublin."

Now I cannot but think that the time at

which this influenza appeared — “about the beginning of November, 1693, in Dublin,” and “three or four weeks sooner in London,”* where Newton’s former letter to Locke and probably that to Pepys were written — the nature of the distemper, in so far as it much affected the head — its duration in each case, “eight or ten days to a month” — the circumstances that it was “epidemic,” and that few escaped — all agree sufficiently well with the facts of Newton’s mental disorder, at the only time it has been clearly shown that such disorder really existed, to justify the belief that it was merely a confusion of intellect, or slight delirium, such as not unfrequently accompanies a severe attack of influenza, and which might very probably leave behind it the “small degree of melancholy” — probably nothing more than languor — mentioned in Mr. Millington’s letter to Pepys.

The history then of Newton’s illness seems to be briefly this. From sleeping too often near his fire, and doubtless from too close application to study, he brought upon himself the common consequences of such habits,

* It is true this is later than the date of Newton’s mental disorder, but epidemic distempers seldom attract public attention till some time after their commencement. If any other distemper than influenza had been epidemic in the summer of 1693, Molyneux would probably have mentioned it.

uneasy nights, which so far affected his nerves as to render study less easy and agreeable to him, and this is probably what he meant by the want of his former mental consistency. From irregularity in his diet, and neglect of exercise in the open air, of which those who knew him well, especially his secretary Humphrey Newton, give sufficient proof, his appetite became impaired.* In this condition he was seized with influenza, which occasioned some confusion of intellect or slight delirium, but this did not continue long, for on the 30th of September, the month in which he was most disordered, he was reported by Mr. Millington to be “very well.”

Thus, chiefly through the inquiries of others, especially of Sir David Brewster, but partly by means of the additional information that has been given here, the insanity of eighteen months has dwindled down into, at most, a short feverish delirium, and the cloud which has continued ever since the publication of Colin’s statement to darken in some degree the fair fame of the intellect of our great philosopher has been I hope dispersed.

* “He ate very sparingly, nay, oftentimes he has forgot to eat at all.” “He would eat a bit or two standing, for I cannot say I ever saw him sit at table by himself.” “I believe he grudged the time he spent in eating and sleeping.” “I never knew him to take any recreation or pastime, either in riding out to take the air, walking, bowling, or any other exercise whatever.” — H. NEWTON.

CURIOSITIES OF DICTIONARIES: NATURAL HISTORY. — I confess that I have a great partiality for old dictionaries. Amongst much information, they contain some amusing articles. I will, however, confine myself to a few examples of the state of natural science in their days.

N. Bailey’s Dictionary:

“*Colibus*. The humming Bird, which makes a Noise like a Whirl-wind, though it be no bigger than a Fly; it feeds on Dew, has an admirable Beauty of Feathers, a Scent as sweet as that of Musk or Ambergrease.”

“*Loriot*. A Bird, that being looked upon by one that has the Yellow Jaundice, cures the Person, and dies itself.”

This is the Golden Oriole, woodwale, or wital, lately discussed in “N. & Q.”

“*Nostock*. Stinking tawney Jelly of a fallen Planet; or the nocturnal Solution of some plethoretical and wanton Star.”

Those who know the real value of old *philologies* will excuse him for not being in advance of the science of his time, 135 years ago. But what can be said of the state of knowledge in the principality of Wales? where, in the present century, articles like the following were published in *Lewis’ Welsh-English Dictionary* (Carmarthen, 1805):

“*Hudlewyn*. An Ignis fatuus, Will with a wisp, &c. Will with a wisp is more frequent in

places unctuous, marshy, and abounding in reeds. They haunt burying-places, places of execution, and dunghills. Some that have been caught consist of a shining viscous matter, like the spawn of frogs, not hot, but only shining; so that the matter seems to be phosphorus, raised from putrefied plants or carcases.”

“*Lleopard*. A leopard. It is exceedingly swift, subtle, and fierce; most ferociously enraged against men, and of such a sweet savor, that it allures other beasts to it; by which means they are caught and devoured.”

Delpino, *Spanish Dict.* (1768):

“*Jerepemonga*. A sort of sea-snake in Brazil, which often lies still under the water; and whatever creature touches it, sticks so fast, that it can scarce be parted, on which the snake feeds. Sometimes it comes out, and coils itself on the shore; and if a man puts his hand to it, it sticks fast; and putting the other to get it off, that sticks too; then the serpent stretches itself out, and getting into the sea, feeds on its prey.”

“*Guachichil*, or *Chupastores*. A wonderful bird in New Spain, called by the latter name by the Spaniards; because it is always hanging in the air, sucking the flowers, as the word implies, never lighting on the ground. The Indians say they stick their beaks into the boughs of trees, for several months in the year; where they take them asleep, to make of them pictures, images, and other curiosities.” — *Notes and Queries*.

THE GRAVE OF NELSON.

In Mr. Cunningham's introduction to the crypt of St. Paul's, appears this antiquarian notice of the grave of Nelson:

"The sarcophagus which contains Nelson's coffin, was made at the expense of Cardinal Wolsey, for the burial of Henry VIII. in the tomb-house at Windsor."—*Handbook of Modern London.*

The coffin was constructed from the mainmast of the "Orient"; part of which was picked up after the battle of the Nile by the "Swiftsure," and expressly prepared by her captain (Hallowell) for his great commander, to whom he sent the coffin with the following letter:

"Sir, — I have taken the liberty of presenting you a coffin, made from the mainmast of 'L'Orient'; that, when you have finished your military career in this world, you may be buried in one of your trophies. But that that period may be far distant, is the earnest wish of your sincere friend, BENJAMIN HALLOWELL." — *Southey's Life of Nelson.*

Nelson showed how fully he appreciated the spirit and feeling of the gallant donor, by making that coffin his constant cabin companion; and it was only at the earnest entreaty of a favorite servant, that the great hero would consent to its removal. The subjoined extract, from *The Despatches and Letters of Lord Nelson* (a work which I had no opportunity of previously consulting), may be interesting to some of your readers, who may not have immediate access to that valuable collection:

"No present sent to Nelson, after the battle of the Nile, was so extraordinary as that which he received from his gallant friend Captain Hallowell, of the 'Swiftsure'; and the idea could have occurred only to a very original mind. After 'L'Orient' blew up, part of her mainmast was taken on board of the 'Swiftsure'; and in May, 1799, Captain Hallowell, fearing the effect of all the praise and flattery lavished on his chief, determined to remind him that he was mortal. He therefore ordered a coffin to be made out of part of 'L'Orient's' mast; and was so careful that nothing whatever should be used in its construction that was not taken from it, that the staples were formed of the spikes drawn from the cheeks of the mast, which were driven into the edge of the coffin; and when the lid was put on, toggles were put into the staples to keep it down, so as to prevent the necessity of using

nails or screws for that purpose. The nails in the coffin were likewise made from the spikes taken from the mast. A paper was pasted on the bottom, containing the following certificate: "I do hereby certify, that every part of this coffin is made of the wood and iron of 'L'Orient,' most of which was picked up by His Majesty's ship under my command, in the Bay of Aboukir." — *Swiftsure,* May 23, 1799.

"BEN. HALLOWELL."

"This singular present was accompanied by the following letter, which is taken from the original in the *Nelson Papers*; a fact it is necessary to state, because both Charnock and Harrison, not contented with destroying its simplicity, altered the address to 'Sir,' and changed the date to 'August, 1798,' to make it appear that the coffin was sent immediately after the battle of the Nile. Though printed correctly by Clarke and M'Arthur, Southey followed the copy given by Charnock and Harrison. It is greatly to be regretted that Nelson's reply has not been found:

"The Right Hon. Lord Nelson, K.B.

"My Lord, — Herewith I send you a coffin made of part of 'L'Orient's' mainmast; that, when you are tired of this life, you may be buried in one of your own trophies: but may that period be far distant, is the sincere wish of your obedient and much obliged servant,

"BEN. HALLOWELL.

"*Swiftsure,* May 23d, 1799."

"The astonishment that prevailed among the crew of the 'Vanguard,' Lord Nelson's flagship, when they were convinced it was a coffin which had been brought on board, will be long remembered by their officers. 'We shall have hot work of it, indeed!' said one of the seamen; 'you see the Admiral intends to fight till he is killed, and there he is to be buried.' Lord Nelson highly appreciated the present, and for some time had it placed upright, with the lid on, against the bulk-head of his cabin behind the chair on which he sat at dinner. At length, by the entreaties of an old servant, he was prevailed on to allow it to be carried below. When his lordship left the 'Vanguard,' the coffin was removed into the 'Foudroyant,' where it remained for many days on the gratings of the quarter-deck. While his officers were one day looking at it, he came out of the cabin: 'You may look at it, gentlemen,' said he, 'as long as you please; but, depend on it, none of you shall have it.' It is satisfactory to state, that Nelson was actually buried in this coffin." — *Nelson's Despatches, Letters, &c., with Notes by Sir N. H. Nicolas*, vol. III. pp. 88-9. — *Notes and Queries.*

MELTING THE EARL'S PLATE.

BY G. W. THORNBURY.

HERE's the gold cup all bossy with satyrs and saints,

And my race-bowl (now, women, no whining and plaints !);

From the paltriest spoon to the costliest thing,
We'll melt it all down for the use of the king.

Here's the chalice stamped over with sigil and cross, —

Some day we'll make up to the chapel the loss.
Now bring me my father's great emerald ring,
For I'll melt down the gold for the good of the king.

And bring me the casket my mother has got,
And the jewels that fell to my Barbara's lot;
Then dry up your eyes, and do nothing but sing,

For we're helping to coin the gold for the king.

This dross we'll transmute into weapons of steel,
Tempered blades for the hand, sharpest spurs
for the heel;

And when Charles, with a shout, into London we bring,

We'll be glad to remember this deed for the king.

Bring the hawk's silver bells, and the nursery spoon,

The crucible's ready — we're nothing too soon;
For I hear the horse neigh, that shall carry the thing

That'll bring up a smile in the eyes of the king.

There go my gold spurs, and the old silver jug, —

'T was just for a moment a pang and a tug;
But now I am ready to skip and to sing,
To think I've thrown gold in the chest of my king.

The ear-rings lose shape, and the coronet too,
I felt my eyes dim with a sort of a dew.
Hurrah for the posset-dish! — Everything
Shall run into bars for the use of the king.

That spoon is a sword, and this thimble a pike,
It's but a week's garret in London belike.
Then a dash at Whitehall, and the city shall ring

With the shouts of the multitude bringing the king.
— *The Idler.*

THE THREE VOICES.

WHAT saith the Past to thee? *Weep!*

Truth is departed,

Beauty hath died like the dream of a sleep,
Love is faint-hearted;

Trifles of sense, the profoundly unreal,
Scare from our spirits God's holy ideal;
So, as a funeral-bell, slow and deep,
So tolls the past to thee. *Weep!*

How speaks the Present Hour? *Act!*

Walk upward glancing,
So shall thy footsteps in glory be tracked,
Slow, but advancing.

Scorn not the smallness of daily endeavor,
Let the great meaning ennoble it ever,
Droop not o'er efforts expended in vain, —
Work as believing that labor is gain.

What doth the Future say? *Hope!*

Turn thy face sunward,

Look where light fringes the far-rising slope, —
Day cometh onward.

Watch! though so long be the twilight delaying,
Let the first sunbeam arise on thee, praying;
Fear not! for greater is God by thy side
Than the armies of Satan against thee allied.

BYGONE DAYS.

O BYGONE days! how beautiful

Your sunshine and your shade!

How true the friends who once to us

Of earth an Eden made!

How green the leafing of your trees!

How soft your summer's wind!

Ah! what are all our present joys,

To those we've left behind?

O coming days! how beautiful!

For Hope's resplendent light

Is shining there, and making all

Most gloriously bright.

No shadow rests upon our path,

No angry storm-cloud lowers.

Ah! what are all our present joys,

To those that will be ours?

O weary heart! O discontent!

Why idly thus deplore

The loss of joys that once were thine,

But may be thine no more?

Or why fill all the future with

Bright things that may not be?

For ah! thou canst not tell what change

One day may bring to thee.

O, never look upon the Past

As on a graveyard filled

With hopes that some untimely blast

Hath breathed upon and chilled.

It had its joys, it had its woes,

Its clouds, its sunny rays —

Yes, even like the Present, were

Those mourned for, bygone days!

And vainer still, to think that all

Thy coming life will be

Without dark gloomy skies, to mar

Its fair serenity.

Sorrows *will* come, and o'er thy path

Their dreaded shadows cast;

And all thy future days will be

E'en like those that are past.

As darkness night alternates with

The glorious light of day —

As summer comes when winter hath

Evanished away,

So sorrow chaseth joy, and joy

Then shines where grief hath been —

O world of instability!

O ever-changing scene!

— *Ladies' Companion.*

CHRIST'S LITTLE ONES.

BY ANNA SHIPTON.

" It is not the will of your Father which is in Heaven, that one of these little ones should perish."
— Matt. xviii. 14.

FROM worldly Wisdom's vaunted page we seek
for peace in vain,
And bask in Nature's smiles, and think to feel
a Child again;
But Sorrow sweeps the wild heart's chords, and
'neath the stern control
Are stilled the mystic tones that made sweet
music in the Soul.

Ah ! once I dreamed the golden clouds piled in
the gorgeous West,
Barred but the entrance to the land where
happier spirits rest;
As one by one they floated on, to their far home
of light,
I pined to pierce the shadowy veil that hid them
from my sight.

It was a childish thought — since then, my hand
would fear to raise
The curtain of that Spirit-land on which I longed
to gaze;
The rainbow glitt'ring o'er the Storm, proud
Science long hath taught
Spans not the glorious Throne of God, as I in
Childhood thought.

Still ever new and wonderful, it vex'd me not to
know
The reason it was beautiful — I knew God made
it so;
The spotless snow-flake as it falls some faded
mem'ry brings,
For I believed it scatter'd down from watchful
Angels' wings,

To wake the Snowdrop from its sleep, to guard
the Violet's birth,
But now — I know not Angels' wings can stain-
less fall to Earth;
And still the graceful fancy hath a strange sweet
charm for me,
But other hearts are ours before God's children
we can be.

Despise not then the little Child, these infants
of the Faith,
God hath around them hedged their ways from
danger and from death;
To simple Souls that trust in him, he giveth
strength and grace,
Thus Angels in their Father's House behold
their Father's face.

And should they lean in love on thee, thy
tend'rest guidance lend,

O not by word or deed, make thou these little
ones offend !
Oppress them not ! for God doth hear his chil-
dren's smothered cry,
They know in whom they trust, and he will
answer speedily.

If thou dost mark their steps, unwarned, in
paths of danger tread,
The shadow of their sin shall be as snares around
thee spread;
A glorious crown of fadeless joy those little ones
may be,
When God his jewels maketh up, he will re-
member thee.

WOOLING.

BY ANNE A. FREMONT.

"Ha, ha ! the wooling o' ! !"

WHEN first, some twice twelve months ago,
Sweetheart, I sought to win you,
It seemed an angel-spirit bright
Had its abode within you.

How anxiously, how earnestly,
With what a pained delight,
I watched to catch a single look
From eyes so pure and bright.

And when I found their gentle glance
So oft upon me fell,
My heart throbb'd with a strange, deep joy,
These lips can never tell !

And yet, our love's true course scarce flow'd
So smoothly as it ought;
For, as there was nought else to vex,
We our own torture wrought.

You sometimes wore a mask of pride,
Yet your fond heart shone through it;
Or tried to look so cold and calm —
But ah ! you could not do it.

I, too, was — if the truth be told —
A wizard strange, who raised
Sceptres, whose unreal shapes of fear
Had well-nigh made him crazed.

My wooed and won ! I often think,
As in those days departed,
The angel lingers with you still,
My true and single-hearted.

Those wooing days were pleasant days,
Despite their fear and doubt;
But these are lit with love's pure rays,
Which Time shall ne'er put out !

— Ladies' Companion.